

MAN AT HIS BEST

Escorte

"I DID IT ALL...I HAD ALL
THE FUN YOU SHOULD HAVE."

GEORGE CLOONEY

the
EXIT
INTERVIEW

PAGE 90



MAY 2018

BILL MURRAY

another **EXIT**
INTERVIEW

PAGE 18

"I MIGHT
HAVE SAID
TO THE
LADY, 'THE
SAUSAGE
IS, YOU
KNOW...
SPECIAL
TODAY.'"

THIS GUY
IS REAL,
AND HIS
NAME IS
KODY
VAN
HALEN.

**MORE WRITERS
THAN USUAL.
STORIES BY:**

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TOM JUNOD, TOM CHIARELLA
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THE COLD OPEN

REMEMBERING, AND FORGETTING

BY CHARLES F. PIERCE

IN LENTINE TOWNS, HIS LUCID ACCOUNT of the end of Soviet Russia, David Remnick uses as an epigraph a famous quote from Czech leader Milos Kundera: "The struggle of man against power," Kundera wrote, "is the struggle of memory against forgetting." The philosophy was central to Kundera's conviction throughout the book that one of the central weaknesses of the Soviet state, and of all of its satellite governments in Eastern Europe, including Kundera's Czechoslovakia, was their regard for citizens to fight against their own memory, to unknown what they clearly knew. Sooner or later, the effort to forget and to unknow becomes too much of a burden for too many people and they force the collapse of the system. Nations are driven to remember. Nations can crack from the effort it takes modernity and to forget. The consequences can be therapeutic or they can be catastrophic, for people and for the political societies into which they organize themselves.

This is as true of liberal democracies as it is of authoritarian states. In fact, the effects of forgetting can be worse in the former, because if there is no historical status as the official forgetting and submission to every transaction

in their daily lives. In liberal democracies, and especially in crises, there are too many distractions and too many options and so much media that the narrative effects of the loss of the power of memory can shade negative's not to mention something important comes apart all at once.

The 2016 presidential campaign—and the success of Donald Trump on the Republican side—has been a triumph of how easily memory can lose the struggle against forgetting and, therefore, how easily society can lose the struggle against power. There is so much that we have forgotten in this country. We've forgotten, even as we agree, how easily we can be manipulated and how easy it can truly be to the national interest and to our own individual or families. We have forgotten McCarthy and Nixon. We have forgotten how easily we can be lied to. We have forgotten the U.S. President and the loyal pigs and the role of media in the middle. And along comes someone like Trump, and he tells us that forgetting is our actual power and that memory is the enemy.

The first decade of the twenty-first century gave us a good reason to forget. It began with an extended series of

Esquire THE COLD OPEN

a presidential election that ended with the unprecedented interference of a politician in the process. It was marked early on by an undeniable attack on the American mainland. At the time, we forgot everything we already knew. We knew from our long involvement in the Middle East about the sources of the rage wars. We forgot. We knew from Vietnam the perils of involving the country in a land war in Asia. We forgot. We knew from Nuremberg and from Tokyo what were true crimes and what were not. We forgot that we had viciously invented the concept of a war crime. We forgot. In all cases, we forgot because we chose to forget. We chose to believe that forgetting gave us moral power and that memory made us weak. We even forgot how well we knew that was a lie.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, at the signing of a great treaty, I wrote a long piece in another magazine about my family's experience with Alzheimer's disease, which eventually took my father and all of his siblings. It is a terrifying disease for a writer because it strips these aspects of the individual that are so crucial to the act of writing—namely memory and language. Without memory, there can be no connection with the world, nothing to record or to bring forward. Without language, memory is orphaned. Without both of them, history is lost.

That story and the experience of writing it, has led into parts of my work in a hundred different ways, but the most

points are more the same. Language and memory are it work together not only to preserve the past but to illuminate the present and to build a future. The disease robbed my father of both language and memory, and then it robbed him of his past, his present, and his future. He spent his last years as a kind of vagabond, a stranger to himself, a person in no place in no moment in time. I wish the political world was like this. I wish the political world was like this. I wish the country lost its abandoned self-government and the idea of a political consciousness, and lost a country that is voluntarily taking upon itself my father's disease. A razed country, asking itself if it can survive as itself, a government that asks itself, wondering from its history.

A country that remembers its history with its unimpaired memory that acts as a check on the dangerous excesses of power itself, does not produce a Donald Trump. It is the very first Republican president elected in the last one hun-

dre thousand years and its entire chords, and how he hoped one day, those chords once again would be touched by the better angels of our nature. That was Abraham Lincoln's First Inaugural Address. By the time he came to deliver his second, in which he separated the country to remember how it had torn itself apart, he had said these words: *American had slaughtered one another in a war that was only then beginning to come to an end.*

Finally do we hope—finally do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so will it must be and "the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether."

Remember, this passage said to the people of a nation and a bleeding nation. Bind up the wounds. Take care of them who have borne the burden, and has sorrow and anguish, too. Believe a just and lasting peace between ourselves and all nations. But first, remember how this story came to pass. Remember what we are capable of doing to one another if we lose both in every instance of self-government, especially those into which we are supposed to do and our passions to constructive purpose. Remember, Lincoln said in his speech, which was his last morning in the nation, that preserved

Remember that we can be better. Remember that, and you can be strong and powerful enough to control the chaos again.

The late historian Michael Perman identified one of the newest Americans to flourish in America, who he chose that he has "some rights of memory in this language." In the imagination more fully written out, Perman argued, "there is an expansive and meaningful relationship to the democratic aspects of American history." In the country's new engine, we are successful conditions raising against the very notion of what Perman was talking about. When Trump chants his mantra—"Make America Great Again"—the rest of the slogan is "and let America be great again." The first All of them. We need it. And that's what has been soiling all year long because while the struggle of an average person to the struggle of memory against forgetting, there is no guarantee that either struggle will end in triumph. ■



Ermenegildo Zegna



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Man MAY AT HIS 2010 Best



The **ESQ&A** / The Exit Interview

Bill Murray

THE ACTOR AND ICON ON ADELE, TRUMP, CLOONEY HIMSELF, WORKING AND NOT WORKING, WORRYING AND NOT WORRYING. ALSO, A SMALL WAGER.

INTERVIEWED BY DAVID GRANGER AND SCOTT RAAB

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRY

— Wednesday, March 4, 10:00 a.m. JFK airport: David Granger and Scott Raab pick up Bill Murray in Granger's car. They are heading to the East Side of Manhattan, where Murray is staying.

BILL MURRAY I didn't mean to deny you guys a ride down to Charleston. You can come down sooner to this Big East thing to cover. We've got to have priorities here. **SCOTT RAAB** Denying your boy couch meet his list of bus. [Murray's son Luke is an assistant coach at Xavier.]

BM Just watching him in the time-out is so much fun. He always had a function during the time-outs in his previous coaching. And this year I was like, "Look, you don't have a job during the time-outs." He said, "I know. I've gotta figure this out."

DAVID GRANGER So he just tries to get busy somehow?

BM Everyone has something they do. There's actually a guy in charge of holding the clipboard to the coach, and there's a guy in charge of holding the clipboard to the guy who hands the clipboard to the coach.

GR: If you had the choice between an Xavier run to the national championship and the Cubs finally winning the World Series again—I have to even ask—but if you had to pick one.

BM Well, I have several sons, but I only have one ball club.

GR: I hope you get those boys.

BM It's got to happen.

GR: [The Cubs are positioned much better than they've been for a long time.]

BM Let's not do the pectoral pump today.

GR: Any you going to have... **BM** I guess.

CONTINUUM time any other day while you're in town?

RM: I'll make time.

Q: Do you want us to get you in a suit?

RM: What do you got? I saw the picture of George [Closely] you tested me.

Q: He was wearing brown suit.

RM: George would. He has nice clothes.

Q: [To George] Do how much more time you got with this company?

RM: I'm closing this last season. What's why I wanted to talk to you. [Murray slow-claps]

Q: Dave's last show.

RM: Are you going to have a party?

Q: If you're still here on Monday there's a little cocktail party.

RM: A little sort of too-long given the economy of the moment.

Q: It'll be nice.

RM: I'm sure it will be an experience unlike any other.

Q: I remind the people that I feel in debt to.

RM: Then I don't know why you're saving me.

Q: Shut, I wanted to go right there. [The entrance to the Midtown Tunnel is blocked by orange cones.]

RM: You can still do it.

Q: I can't.

RM: No, you can.

Q: The cops will come get me.

RM: Do it right there. I'll give you a back if they come get you. You'd be arrested. I'd have to take pictures with the cops. Okay, Babby, get it done. Get 'er done. There you go.

Q: I've been blocked by tunnel cops too many times.

RM: Tunnel cops, man. They're like carriers.

Q: The cop's a fucking tunnel cop.

RM: Get it.

Q: Oh, Jesus. You did it.

RM: You did good. Tunnel cop barely blocked up.

Q: We just barely did by.

RM: I should believe and to tell everybody Babby. I thought, Someone's going to go into that to get away with it very single time. So there's like a little snick-snick, Albus, he'd never that way.

Q: I don't know it.

RM: I think you just walk out at Park Avenue and make a left onto one of those streets there. It's sort of confusing stuff. [About a performance on the sidewalk] There's



single line, why aren't some one doing that?

Q: Someone is.

RM: The bomber jacket with the flares and the leather off the top? I swear to God, if anyone ever that, he'd make a picture of it and he would have it.

Q: Scott, you have the tape recorder on, right?

RM: I always have the tape recorder on.

Q: My friend worked for Armani, and she said to get a lot of the clothes at the Marche shopping store. She had a great fun from the Marche shopping store. And she said she walked into work one morn-

ing and he looked at her and said, "Let me take a picture of that." How much later it was selling for \$650, \$700.

Q: He was not a nice man.

RM: George?

Q: Yeah.

RM: That's nice.

Q: I've had a couple nice ones.

RM: The end of an era.

Q: How are you going to be able to play any more tennis?

RM: The day after I leave, I'm flying to Palm Springs to play in a tennis tournament. I don't have to.



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1

2

3

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The Authors

Side No. 42: Nothing positive adds to love. **Side No. 75:** Good weather guarantees love. **Side No. 126:** When you talk about golf, you're at the end of everything. (The more thinking that you are at, the better.) **Side No. 168:** You keep thinking that it will happen and it doesn't. But it. **Side No. 169:** When



6000 You are now

99. You don't

MM: I think it's a good health tip to say "I'm not a worrier."

BO: Are you gonna eat anything? I'm starving.

RM: You wanna go in on the stock for three?

200 Years

CO₂ should be removed

BM—Cremation speech? Have you ever seen that on a menu before?

SS I'm having a hard time understanding what that means.

44. *Crowned sparrow?*

50-Continued

www.circulab.com

[Murray orders a steak for three—wow, because it comes on a sized plate and he figures it will keep cooking—and some hashbrowns.]

Q: When I was talking to George, I said, "When you think of Will Murray, is there a particular moment that you think of?" [See page 96 for the answer to that question.] You ever have any moments with George that crystalize here?

PMW: 461.1—129.9

CO That's a fair-offload.

MM—No, I'm trying to be...

64 Circumplex?

HM: Kasey Decker wasn't the right word—misconception is what I was looking for. He asked me to work on *Monuments Men*, and it was really life changing for me. At the first, I was on a very difficult mission where I was sharing the custody of my children. Two weeks on and two weeks off. And he allowed me to work two weeks on and two weeks off. They let me back home and back to Germany every two weeks.

20. What is the purpose of the "About" page?

BOB: There's this one guy is. He really thinks about other people. He really came up slow. And he was a driver for his aunt Rosemary, who was one of the biggest stars in the world, and also possibly one of the most difficult people to be with in the world. And yet he was her driver. So you probably can't do anything right when you're the nephew of that person. It would be my riddying experience, where you kind of go, "Well, this is definitely how I don't want."

series = A full period

DM: I've retired a couple times. I just say, "I'm retired." It keeps a certain kind of person away from you—the kind of person that you usually don't want around. The people who are really interested in you will find you eventually.

☞ That's always been your dream: that people will find you.

Q: If someone really wants you, they find you.

Only. It's hard to find work.

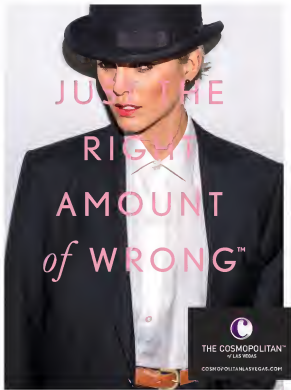
Introduction

☞ I wasn't sure that you were getting off that plane today, you know?

David's a real star

DE. You're the warrior.

BM People say to me, "Don't worry. I'll do it." I say "I'm not a worrier" immediately and it's five years ago, and it makes me feel good. I've seen all hypnotized people not really worry so much. The lizard worried.



AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION
HOTELS

A. K. Jaiswal, D. K. Mishra / *Journal of Macroeconomics* 29 (2007) 377–392



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THE HISTORY OF THE MARGARITA

BY DAVID WONDRICH

The first time the world heard about the margarita was in December 1953 in the pages of *Esquire* magazine. At the beginning of the 1950s every Mexican restaurant in America knew how to make one. By the '70s, practically every bar did.

The most important thing the modern age has brought to the margarita is the most flavorful tequila distilled from 100% agave.

With Patrón Tequila leading the charge (launched in 1988), the state-of-the-art margarita has evolved from a slushy concoction to the rich, deep, layered, hand-crafted mix of fresh lime juice, imported orange liqueur, and premium tequila it was when *Esquire* first encountered it back in 1953.

Anytime a cocktail reaches widespread popularity, people start wondering who invented it and under what circumstances, and the margarita is no exception. The answer is rarely straightforward. Cocktails are casually created in the full light of history. Some bartenders have a clever idea, shake it up, and test it out on a couple of customers. A clever name is suggested. Slowly it moves from bar to bar and town to town, just another drink among the many that people order until for whatever reason it suddenly catches on. Then you've got a thousand bartender detectives lying in wait back the call-to-figure out how it got here and where it came from.

With the margarita, that process started as early as January 1952. That's when the nightlife columnist for a suburban Los Angeles newspaper asked around and found John Dufresne, head bartender at the Tolido, "the Cock and the Dean of Los Angeles nightspots," and the story that he invented the drink "way back in 1937" when tequila first appeared here. "In 1946, Dufresne, still in the same job, is absorbed for *Bon Appetit* magazine. It was actually 1934, and he "was asked to duplicate a drink a lady customer had once tasted in Mexico." True story? Everyone thought so at the time, anyway.

Read the full article and check out delicious
Patrón Tequila recipes at margaritathetale.com

ONE SWEET CENTURY THE MARGARITA THROUGH THE YEARS

1873

THE DAIQUI

AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, A BARTENDER KIDS A LITTLE SODA, WATER AND GINGER TO A WHISKY SOUR AND NAMES IT THE DAIQUI.

1929-1930

TEQUILA GETS IN THE MIX

AN UNRESPECTING BARTENDER MAKING A DAIQUI AT THE TROPIC BAR IN TULSA REACHES FOR THE WOODS KIDNEY AND CREATES THE TEQUILA DAIQUI IF CATCHES ON.

1942

THE MARGARITA IS NAMED

THE HEAD BARTENDER AT DANNY'S PLACE IN CUDAHU, JALISCO, MEXICO, NAMES THE DRINK HE MIXED FOR A CUSTOMER WITH TEQUILA, LIME JUICE, AND ORANGE LIQUEUR "MARGARITA" AFTER THE SPANISH WORD FOR DAIQUI.

1953

FIRST RECIPE IN *ESQUIRE*

THE MARGARITA FIRST HANDS IT INTO PRINT IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF *ESQUIRE* MAGAZINE.

1989

PATRÓN SEES THE BAR

PATRÓN LAUNCHES, INNOVATING AND IMPROVING TEQUILA COCKTAILS WORLDWIDE.

2015

THE MARGARITA OF THE YEAR

THE DELICIOUSLY SWEET PATRÓN SWEETENED SALT MARGARITA IS THE TREND OF THE YEAR.



CONTINUUM **ESQ** There can't be a great plan involved here.

AM There's absolutely no plan.

ESQ When you first retired, were you anxious?

AM No.

ESQ So what do you do in the morning when you don't have a job to go to?

AM I scrub my teeth every day. I don't necessarily go to sleep every day. I don't necessarily change my clothes every day.

ESQ I don't necessarily exercise. I don't necessarily eat or drink coffee. I've really lived it on the fly. But I'm not sure that that's the way to go. You move of a person when

You're working on a movie there's not any other time. Because I actually have to really be there. I really gotta show up. Not just physically in a building, although that's

commonly a happen of it. And I know that to do the best work. You gotta be as collected as you can be. Anyone can be a fly in an elevator you know? But can you be a fly in an elevator seven times from seven

different cameras angles? [To Stranger] So are you having some confusion with people about your retirement?

ESQ Yeah.

AM What a terrible idea that is.

ESQ Really? Don't tell?

AM I mean, don't put it there on your face. It's making some sense. You have the freedom to take the time to let all these ordinary persons breakdown. For one of the worst you did though. Get one of the best actors here made and let you own self appear. If you're answering the call of someone else—someone other than yourself—you might be missing the opportunity of a lifetime.

ESQ That could.

AM It's really good advice.

ESQ If you want, I'll make a small wage with you. What do you get on your?

AM I get about \$100 on me.

ESQ When?

AM Me too.

ESQ Why is that?

AM Because it's available.

ESQ What is the best?

AM I'll tell you your idea is better than anyone else's idea.

ESQ It's a going to be tedious when it comes to paying off.

AM In order for it to work, you have to take a little bit of time. You need a time without meetings, without a heading.

ESQ He already won the bet by the way



Do they look worried?

ESQ So the bet's who can make it through the summer?

AM We both have to take no work from anyone for a period of three months, not even talk to anyone until the end of the summer. And then at the end of the summer, if neither of us has under that good enough to do—our own self-generated one—then we'll take the first person who's job offer comes. And the guy who takes the first piece of their job has to pay the other guy the title back.

ESQ That's a great bet.

AM That's a great bet, and I got the summer all right.

ESQ You guys went out of control?

AM [Laughs] Should I bring some pants?

ESQ It's up to the grown-ups.

AM You want part?

ESQ I'll only have one if you pay for me.

AM We can try it.

ESQ We'll be happy to try it in that case. If you want to go to my place in Fresno Valley [California], it's a great writing ref. up if you've gotta get away. Not that you need a refuge.

AM A nice country.

ESQ There's oranges, too. And napkins. And fresh chicken eggs.

AM You're got chicken?

ESQ Lots and lots of chickens. We just keep getting more and more chickens. I have a man out there who keeps chickens and he's got too many chickens, and the man is wearing out the hens. So

he does that thing called a mouse trap, where you basically put a few chickens in the back of the car and then you drop them. He's been dropping them in the park right next to the mayor's office.

ESQ Should we keep them off the roof?

AM No, the mayor knows. Anyway, I just need to do a mouse trap. There's a mouse trap coming, because there's a lot of mice that the neighbor's take when there's no mouse. [To Stranger and Frank] So what do we need?

ESQ A photograph.

AM Friday morning?

ESQ Friday morning.

AM Where would you like it to be done?

ESQ What if you do with George?

AM We shot at his house.

ESQ What is the look of the picture?

AM We shot George making funny faces usually. And we had Eddie Van Halen to say your last five years of Perseus.

ESQ George is funny?

AM So Friday—what would be a good time, theoretically?

ESQ I feel like you don't want it to be too early.

AM Late morning?

ESQ All eleven o'clock. I'll pull myself together. I'll get a haircut. I've been cutting my own hair lately—as a money move. I cut my hair, and then I stay home for a day or so.

AM Let's let it out a little bit?

ESQ Always.

[On the sidewalk, outside the restaurant.]

AM Hey, Ed. Mummy, we're sorry about a missing film, but can we get a picture with you?

[Mummy poses for a picture.]

AM All right, so I'll see you on Friday.

ESQ We'll figure it out.

AM Another fan. It's very nice to meet you. I have your work.

ESQ When we start you, too. [To Stranger and Frank] It seemed like the end, "I love you, brother."

AM That would be interesting.

ESQ I have it a lot, so it wouldn't be a surprise.

AM I have a couple of your brothers.

ESQ All right, so I'll see you on Friday.

AM We'll figure it out.

ESQ I'll see you the right location and time and all that. All right?

AM I'm all right.

ESQ So I'll see you on Friday.

AM Don't worry.



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Ten Things You Don't Know About Women

Chelsea Handler

COMEDIAN, BESTER HOST OF THE
NEW BETTIE TALK SHOW CHATLAIN
(PREMIERES MAY 10, 2015)



1. The only time I've
gotten pregnant is a woman
wrote a note about me when
I was 15. I was in a very early
stage of pregnancy.

2. The only time I've
gotten pregnant is a woman
wrote a note about me when
I was 15. I was in a very early
stage of pregnancy.

3. We never want
to have you in
the world house.

4. You know you
don't do it
right, wrong, we
just don't like you
anyway.

5. If you find
some along me
your phone,
don't tell a wife
we never know
your phone.
There's a man the
phone. Just in it
on what the fact
Henry Ellen is.

6. I don't care how
good you look, son—
I never taking
you to bed. Catherine.

7. If you're having
a woman
believe, stop.

8. There are obvious things
women find attractive
don't be worried, be
confident, and be black.

9. So we agree
we're always
going to be the
big, a hole.

10. I know that you don't want
to be a woman, but you don't want
to be a woman.



Photo: [illegible]



Photo: [illegible]

THERE'S A FUNNY THING THAT
HAPPENS WHEN YOU BUILD
FACTORIES IN THIS COUNTRY.
IT'S CALLED JOBS.



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Things to Think About While Working

NEW BOOKS ON PRODUCTIVITY HAVE A COMMON TAKEAWAY THAT MAKES EVERYONE HAPPIER, FASTER, BETTER PAID: SIMPLY PUT, JUST LOOK AT THIS PAGE.

By NATE HOPPER



Snap shot: Ford's line for Henry

In this issue and the next, as well as the October and November issues, *Entrepreneur* will examine the state of American jobs: how they're done today, who does them well, and how we can all do them better.

I DON'T EXACTLY have a divine blessing with the strength of a thousand steel forgers to do the assignments this column. You've felt this way, too. But I was tasked with reading the latest research and listening to how we can all work smarter and faster and with greater satisfaction—and then explaining to everyone—bosses and newcomers, mechanics and managers and magazine editors—the results. It's my job. So I like you, will do it, and I'm the better way to test this new research than by doing something I don't really want to do.

And look here: Look at this column I wrote—quicker than a snail, even with horns of pop. It works!

The rest of why is something you probably didn't need science to tell you: You're better when you feel in control. What might mind, experience, thought, or the idea that feeling in control allows us to do with the higher eye on the work. Agency fails you better than that has been said.

It might sound like corporate-speak bottom-line thing, sure—that mind-set is the key to making better anywhere (in the office, a factory), making more, being happier. I've seen so what I write down, not three words. Start with intention. Yes, the word used by leaders who lead experience someone in hand, confidence in me. We often forget that (anyone led to) an intention, the line assigned to us, instead of the ones that really propel us, the bigger, dead-personal stuff. The kid. The power and safety of that glowing promise. For me right now, not making an on-

of myself as free of you, writing this well enough to get a better job next time, and making to my friend's birthday dinner tonight. It starts at 9:06. I wrote this at 9:06.

The 16 number change 361 goals—on your own—that will fill you with pride. People work best when they're reaching for something great. A result they thought impossible. A new record. Come up with an idea or vision secure in many cross-hairs in 20 minutes or so. Go. Three-minute level. Do again.

(That's another key: Start Wherever It Starts. The first. The last. Pick first.)

Basically, you're already deciding for yourself. Do that whenever you have the power and the knowledge to choose. Make a choice, better lights. If you have the knowledge but not the power, suggest a choice. If you have neither the knowledge nor the power, make the decision choice. This forward. Connect. It's called. Learn why.

And where you have all that in your control. Think about it on every drive to work. Look at the future—not because it'll necessarily happen, but so that when something breaks and you need to adapt, you'll know it all as well that you won't get lost. And sometimes the outcome will be what you hoped for. Even if, just a few hours before dinner, you find something better to be for it did it.

"THE 2006 PRODUCTIVITY READING LIST" January, *Entrepreneur*, by Charles DeBenedictis (Shutterstock) • *Spring: How to Solve Big Problems and Test New Ideas in Just Five Days*, by John Knaup (Simon & Schuster) • *Think Simple*, by Ken Degillo (Penguin, out June 7)



Photo: © David S. Johnson

A TRUE MANUFACTURING COMPANY IS BUILT NOT BY THE THINGS IT MAKES, BUT BY THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM.

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WANT THE
SECRETS TO
DOING YOUR
JOBS? SURVEY

• **James Flannery, 66**, CEO of *Entrepreneur*: "I've been a CEO for 20 years, and I've learned that the only way to succeed is to be the best at what you do."

• **Patrick Abney, 44**, CEO of *Entrepreneur*: "I've been a CEO for 20 years, and I've learned that the only way to succeed is to be the best at what you do."

• **Michael Van Dusen, 44**, CEO of *Entrepreneur*: "I've been a CEO for 20 years, and I've learned that the only way to succeed is to be the best at what you do."

• **Thomas Clark, 44**, CEO of *Entrepreneur*: "I've been a CEO for 20 years, and I've learned that the only way to succeed is to be the best at what you do."

• **John Knaup, 44**, CEO of *Entrepreneur*: "I've been a CEO for 20 years, and I've learned that the only way to succeed is to be the best at what you do."

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STROKES of GENIUS

So much of what men do happens without a second thought—sometimes going on autopilot when they aren't feeling their freshest at the end of a long day, when they're faced with a nerve-racking situation, or when they experience discomfort with their "manhood." When it comes to shaving, autopilot behavior in guys can mean going over the same area over and over again, which can lead to irritation. Wouldn't it be nice if there were a razor that protects and shields what it's needed the most? Now there is.



MALE AUTOPILOT BEHAVIOR #1
The most common "autopilot" mistake



CORRECTION

Try a few deodorants to find which one will leave you feeling confident in your underwear gone from shower to shower



MALE AUTOPILOT BEHAVIOR #2
Occasionally "adjusting" yourself in public



CORRECTION

Use a little baby powder each morning to stay comfortable all day

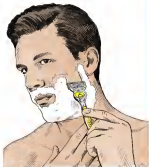


MALE AUTOPILOT BEHAVIOR #3
Being your own man when you're at work or on dates



CORRECTION

Keep a pack of guys close-by to satisfy the urge when stressful situations arise



MALE AUTOPILOT BEHAVIOR #333

Taking numerous rest stops over the same spot when shaving



CORRECTION:

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FOOD



The Enduring Legacy of Beef Jerky

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

By TONI LINDO

 NEARLY A quarter-century ago,

I was my first story for David Greiger. It was about opium. More to the point, it was about eating opium in the face of the threat of contaminated opium. It turned out to be a combination of sorts, an account of my intention as a writer and a man to keep cooking and enjoying what America has to offer despite its many toxins in food, culture, and despite the complications one has to make simply to live here. "And you know what? It's a pretty damned good," I wrote, and it was that second sentence, and the sentiment it expressed, that led Greiger to sign my

and then to keep reading and editing me until she knew and

Now I am writing my last story for David Granger, and it's about prey. Yes, shades of dried blood, and in that place the two subjects—while both innocent victims of proteins—couldn't be more different. The whole point of a sting system, after all, is to thrash it until you show you are strong, crushing it the sting of the lesson; the whole point of coming prey is that it's quite definitely *died*—ashed, smoked, and dried—so you can show from the one an abstracted. You can get sick and eat some smoked protein jerky you smoked in

radical sociology and offer the advantages of portable meat. It can be taken anywhere and eaten anywhere; it is closely associated with the edible, and consequently with comfort, and thereby with the ideal of modernity.

[illegible]

Then take it off your grill. The 13 live at it, with the regional meat-cooking instruments known as tooth, because that's what they know you're doin'. And you know what? You have to try some of this shit. The jerk that would jerk at all-instrument versions of the "unassisted beef" know: adding—could some ass appear to us to appear from, to take colors and you wouldn't complain. The clean pepper beef? Jerk from Jerk's Gourmet de San Diego doesn't quite melt in your mouth, it crumbles, willingly, like a softy your mouth on fire. And so it is: one of the, shreds of dried beef resembling me and of, shreds of the past 20 years, the one that we use talk about. It's not just a still pretty decent good. With some pointed exceptions—ah, politics, ah, for peace, it's better.

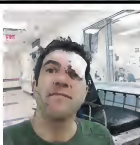


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A Pain in the Ass

A HOSPITAL ROOM COSTS AS MUCH AS A NIGHT AT THE FOUR SEASONS. SO... TIME TO ASSESS YOURSELF A HIT.

By A.J. JACOBS

AT AGE 47, I'VE OFFICIALLY become a pain in the ass. Not a major one. A decidedly minor pain in the ass, and a courteous one, but still a pain in the ass.

The moment crossed decisively into Difficult Guy Man territory one day at a recent hospital stay. I wasn't there for anything serious—I had been playing soccer with my son when I tripped over the ball and three phone calls later my forehead was blacked out for a couple minutes and woke up to gushers of blood gushing from my forehead and a nurse that left me looking like a cross between a Picasso portrait and Oscar Wilde.

So I went to the hospital. Hospitals are uniformly horrible places. My first reminder was the depressing PA announcement I heard as I was walking to the waiting room: "Please, Father Time, Please Father Time!" I'm guessing it was a clock's breathers.

After an ER doc frantically sewed me up with 40 stitches, I was admitted to the hospital overnight for observation. There came the nurse's visit: I came in. I needed to put on the hospital gown. I hate hospital gowns.

That unseen, un-reporting, flimsy blue plastic is the single most dehumanizing, infantilizing, and emasculating garment I've encountered in an American adult. I'd first meet it only on a layup couch.

So I asked the nurse—a tall dude named John—a question "Do I have to wear the gown?"

"It's strongly recommended," John replied.

Maybe the worst self-loathing ever. At the moment, a big editorial meeting and a big editorial meeting and a big editorial meeting.

"Well, I know that the legal do I have to wear that? Can I change back into my regular clothes?" John pressed. "Well, we can't force you to do anything."

So I tossed the gown and slipped back into my comfy black sweatpants and sweatshirt. I can't tell you how empowering that felt. It wasn't just a change of clothing; it was a shift in worldview. I wasn't a POW at this hospital. I was a client. Like at a Marmot Courtyard. My insurance company and I were paying something like a thousand dollars a night for these discomfort-free days, so it shouldn't be forced to feel like an inmate.

I later discovered that many doctors have joined the *Seinfeld* movement. A 2001 article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* argued that allowing patients to wear their own clothes would help them "maintain their self-esteem and confidence, and also reward their own preferences to recognize them as people." Exactly! Dressed as an adult human being, I felt stronger. The side in my forehead actually faded.

Surprised with power (and some pain relief, too), I thought: What else can I ask for? Well, my roommate was wearing a Fred Flinstone–dressed levels. "Is there perhaps another room?" I asked.

The nurse scratched me to a new room with a queen roommate, who happened to be a delightful 77-year-old who had five-planted silver wedding trees in her pot. A much better first experience. I was relieved. I had control. I was in an IV line attached to my medicine bag taped to the crook of my elbow. I told the nurse the IV was killing me. "Would it be possible to take out the IV?" I asked.

Again, I was told the IV was "strongly recommended." But it wasn't delivering anything; it was just on standby. Again, I asked if it was legally required. This caused some brow-furrowing. Another nurse came in.

"I heard you are being resistant to the IV?" She sternly told me the serious rules of going IV-less—there was an emergency they wouldn't be able to give me medicine or fluids rapidly.

"I understood the rules," I said. "Well, okay then," she agreed, and started pulling off the tape. I've since been assailed by many doctor friends for going IV-less. It was probably dumb and dangerous. But for me, at the time, it was liberating.

There were other things I wanted to demand, but I didn't have the nerve. Like, what about giving me a cup with a lid so I don't spill all over myself? Or a blanket on my chest?

It's not just hospitals. All large institutions try to impose positivity. You don't have to be helpful and smile before them. In fact, you'll be better off if you aren't.

Of course, the downside of being positive to the ass in the room you cause others to remember. Be an ass, but don't be a dick. ■



MARK NASON
LOS ANGELES

By KEN KURSON

The End of the World

THERE'S A STORM
COMING
BATTER DOWN YOUR
MONEY

THIS IS NOT A COLUMN I have looked forward to writing. But things are spinning out of control. ¶ When you work for guys who are in the single digits on the *Forbes* 400 list, they make you sign barbed-wire nondisclosure agreements. So I can't go into detail about a project from which I recently was "separated." But I can tell you that I wasn't the right fit because the absurdly wealthy fellow who wanted me to write his memoir believes that everything is cyclical and can be explained by examining past economic cycles. And I don't believe that. I believe that everything is going to shit.

Actually, one of the things that make me so nervous on the world economy is exactly that—cycles. People are set up to believe that boomers things have been is the way things will always be. And they react on every new economic policy announcement, from fighting and every report of a slowdown in money outflow as evidence of stability re-emerging. If China is growing at 8 percent a year, then people think there's some throwaway line that guarantees China is on course to grow at 8 percent a year.

But there are real reasons there's not true, including the increasing realization that China's numbers were officially exaggerated. And the fact that the world's number-one growth engine is not just slowing down but crashing a possible.

According to Felix Zerkel, the owner of Zerkel Asset Management, a hedge fund based in Zug, Switzerland, with \$17 billion under management, the situation in China is as worrisome as the U.S. housing market was in 2007. He told www.barrons.com

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Long time has
thought the world was
and is we did
this never
-Bibi



CONTINUED Barro's argument that Clinton's phony economy pep talk will have to end soon, when oil holders of capital there trying desperately to stop their money out of the country. He predicted "a decline of 15 percent to 30 percent" and went on to say that a "global recession" is imminent.

Maybe you think he's too negative. But his assessment at least even covers the disastrous collapse in oil prices. If you're excited to pay about eighty dollars, imagine how devastated Russia, Venezuela, and the Middle East are to see the more than they have to offer the world. It's from \$140 a barrel to \$27 in less than two years. If that seems like their problem, how is much the world, the U.S. surprised Saudi Arabia as the world's number-one producer of oil. But the bad news is not just the sudden evaporation of revenue for the oil producers—it's the worldwide bank panic as it's slowly closing in on us, as those who give money to exploration projectors to realize they're never going to

shut down now. And there's nothing to replace them—even after the Fed's first plunger's interest-rate hike in a decade late last year, rates have remained near zero, thanks mostly to the system to get more money. Companies that have reliably thrived off gas of crude are suddenly feeling the pinch. And the whole profit margins—or even the sales—that they could pass a few years ago. Apple pulled its first expected year-over-year revenue decline since before the economic collapse, beating revenues for a 15 percent drop in revenue, from \$50 billion to \$50 billion and \$11 billion.

This isn't just stock-market history. Football. People aren't every rise in the \$100 stock and reported revenues in weekly jobs on signs the home team is coming back. But those numbers by the media don't mean much. In the real world, here in the U.S., almost a deepening recession are already facing a revolution. One of my favorite

(as well as Wolcott's announcement of the closure of 124 stores), retailers not only the perception but also the reality that traditional retailers in the United States is in trouble. And our economy cannot support the aggressive retail expansion that occurred following the so-called economic recovery.

That doesn't even account for Sears and Roebuck, which give off a pungent odor of not making it through 2008 on a form that we recognize. This means explained how the apple effect works. "Many of the Sears locations are older shopping centers or shopping malls, and the closure of a Sears store as another could be the death knell for the entire mall to which it."

And just as the rise in subprime-housing-loan defaults presaged the collapse of that market in 2007, the sudden defaults on subprime auto loans indicate that the American willingness to just keep buying also can't lift us out of this pickle. Delinquencies on loans consisting of subprime auto loans rose to 4.7 percent over the last year—their highest rate since 2003. The general default rate for all subprime auto loans jumped from 1.3 percent to 1.3 percent in just a month—exactly the kind of "too big to fail" phenomenon that triggered the housing collapse.

This all points to a big storm on the horizon. If you're looking for a lesson "What can I do?" suggestion, don't worry. That's just what makes this environment so difficult. You don't know what's next and you're not sure how long you can keep going. But don't let the problems here—too few good investment ideas. Gates how many companies went public in the U.S. in January 2008. The IPO market is drying up and investment is down.

A New York Times headline on February 25 read: **GLOBAL FINANCE LEADERS MEET AS ECONOMIC DANGER DARKENS.** The story described a meeting of the G20 countries and their central banks with leaders in Shanghai. It didn't go well.

With the second-biggest economy in the world committed to aggressively prop up an unstable economy while the most important commodity in the world experiences total collapse, things will get worse. And they might get worse for a while.

“Just as the rise in subprime-housing-loan defaults presaged the collapse of 2007, the sudden defaults on subprime auto loans indicate that our willingness to keep buying shit can't lift us out of this pickle.”

recap their investments.

The picture is even bleaker for stocks. Here's why: According to Bill Brett, the CEO of First Investment Partners, 56 percent of the \$460 billion 72 percent gain from 2002 through 2004 came from PE multiple expansion—no stock investors were willing to pay more for a dollar of earnings than they had been previously. When it takes more dollars to buy the same thing, that's inflation. And the reason there were more dollars available is partly artificial: the "quantitative easing" strategies of central banks.

These strategies have been defunct for

little-known indicators of the "real economy" recent from bankruptcy attorneys. When business is good for them, it's bad for you. Charles M. Tinsley, of the first Topdown, handles a lot of real estate bankruptcy situations, including representation of the lender in the largest mortgage-backed securities bankruptcy in history.

After the bankruptcy courts in March that Sports Authority would be seeking Chapter 11 protection and Staples would be closing an additional 80 stores (on top of the 242 it's closed since 2004), Tinsley noted to me that those high-profile bankruptcies are just the tip of the iceberg. "New York regional power Fawcett announced that it was on the brink of default. Those announcements, coupled with the bankruptcy filings of two regional retailers at the end of 2007, including A&R Blackrock Fabrics and American Apparel



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Ricky Gervais

THE COMEDIAN REQUESTED A COPY OF THIS PROFILE IN CASE HE HAD ANY NOTES. TURNS OUT HE DID

By MATT GOULET & RICKY GERVAIS

RICKY GERVAIS NEEDS A DRINK and a wee. It's late afternoon on a Friday in London, and he's just connected over Skype when he steps away from the computer to take care of the latter. With him outside the frame, the room is unadorned, the walls colored with a gold-framed mirror hanging in the study of his spacious house, and a dark red velvet sofa. The Trump Tower–sized study does wonderful work by a man who has made world-premiered “satirical industry” out of fading stardom and comedy in the most notorious people and celebrities.

It's weird to see someone who usually catches personal vanity (Gervais regularly publishes “hilarious” double-censored photos of himself in the tabloid social media) at home in his home in long Hampstead, with an apartment waiting for him on Manhattan's Upper East Side. He can hardly believe it himself. “[The neighborhood] was one of the best, quite nice, old money—world's class. That was when the Beverly Hills arrived. Curtains were twisting. They thought I was a lottery winner. I've moved up a few social classes, I think.”

Gervais gets up again to let Gille, a beloved dachshund, out that he tweets photos of him almost daily regarding, out of the range, and explains his success. “I didn't ponder I didn't aim for glory. My path—I want to be famous and make shows everywhere.” Gervais was 40 when the Office premiered. *********

like

The walls are more mushroom-colored. The mirror, more mirror-colored.

It was impossible to go down.



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REDEFINING WHAT'S POSSIBLE

**WORKWEAR CRAFTED FROM THREADS
THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD.**

**AMAN ADVANI
& GIHAN AMARASIRIWARDENA**
FOUNDERS OF MINISTRY OF SUPPLY

Challenged with creating clothes that can stand up in a 24-hour world, they turned to smart suits. Specifically, their clothing. Aman Advani, Gihan Amarasinghe and third Co-founder Kiti Hickey launched Ministry of Supply—creating a stylish, high-performance clothing line based around the visionary concept, “We want our clothes to be forward design and create a functional wardrobe that works together.” And Amarasinghe.

Advani said that the idea of crafting suits from such fabrics required a clean-sheet perspective. “We had to get to know fashion well enough to figure out what rules we could break and what rules we had to respect.”

An internal goal resonated: this “space-age material,” Advani said, because it’s what NASA uses. “The material acts like thermal batteries. It breathes up and suddenly cools when your body temperature increases. It’s like the best in the material had realized that heat isn’t for you when you enter a colder environment.”

The greatest challenge: incorporating this space-age fabric into a dress shirt. Processes for robotic knitting, laser cutting and ultrasonic welding are used in making the clothes, so that features like ventilation and moisture management elements stayed together instead of separating.

And as the technology continues to evolve, the team at Ministry of Supply is ready for what’s next by creating new versions of smart clothing that will continue to push the frontier of innovation.

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Sigh.
The Multi Emmy-
& Golden Globe
nominated
"Desk".
Also, I didn't
write &
direct
"Ghost Town".

And by
"manky"
I mean
not
artificially
straightened
& whitened

ROTHSCHILD: on the EBC. He's on now and continuing to chase out movies and TV series on which he maintains full creative oversight—writing, producing, directing and scoring on them. His latest is *Special Correspondents*, premiering on Netflix on April 28, which follows two male correspondents and a radio host/guest as they take on big stories as well as investigation. Queens for fame and glory? “I’m not good at thinking anyone else,” he says. “I’m susceptible. When I had a real shot, I was thinking, *God, I would love it like that. Just because I do it*.”

Some of Derrida's words are hard to hear. The *Gift of the Gift*, for example, is a book loaded with terms that are hard to understand (Derrida, *Gift of the Gift*). But he loves all of them because they're so white (and black). "I think people think I'm arrogant, but I'm saying: This might be the white looking a better than this, but I don't know." And when he's doing a sign, he has to make it his own. "I'll get an answer, a huge message after, and if they don't like me, I won't do it. I'll go on my own, I'll go on. It's not, then, of any ridiculous parody, I will want to be my work. Because it's not of any Derrida then."

It's not hard to hear, and Derrida's language is beautiful. Jane Plater, who has a photo of him outside the frame. "It's possible it could be champagne, but what is it, made of France?"

There's a lot to be discussed between Goanese and the people who are from Goa with a shared belief and Goan is the flag emblem on the Golden Globes with a post. When it comes to looking, he says, "You the first step at least on the couch. In fact, being a goanese, Lawrence for having that feeling, there's always" but the choice is yours as it really is, and he's very likely of the awards show too. He's wanted place in the Hollywood hardware doesn't seem to him. "The Golden Globes might get 100 million people watching and a lot of local media, which, I'm interested in seeing. I want the Golden Globes to be a place where people can go on a Monday from Monday morning. But bad writing or bad acting, they're mostly a movie. And that's why I can't believe it to anyone other than me, because I own my world." He doesn't seem to be out and out and out. "I sound like a Mexican."

He says nothing at all but it's not even close to the way "It's a shame it's almost over!" He pushed repression for being a shock jock, so they don't actually see his as the joke. Germans? They are a stronger and shorter and they think what I've said is a joke. Why men? "It also works in his advantage. His language is gross, his personality is broadening the taboos, a lot of guys have in the seats for his personal 'groceries' and you're very inquisitive, people only have to see you once," he says. "Also don't want to be the boy lord of merely. You want to be David Bowie or Michael." The number of Bowe remains like a victory about the soon coming up in Germany after wearing a clip that shortened '80s pop-music came on and saying, "I love you in apology. I almost I ripped you off." The two began a friendship that included regular literary correspondence e-mails from Berlin and a guest appearance on David Janssen's show the recent club Germany's "Clubbing for Lovers."

[illegible]

Not literally,
—obviously.
That would
be disgusting

Groucho.
obviously.
Not Karl.

His last
ever
TV. gig.
Still can't
believe I
co-wrote
a song
with
Bowie.

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BUDGET BLUE



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Blues at Every Budget

The
Buying
Guide

Werner Duffer once wrote, "Price is what you pay; value is what you get." [He also once said, "I won the ovarian lottery!" but whatever.] And what you get when you pay more for jeans is a denim that's been crafted in a standard, century-old Japanese mill or made from organic cotton or say, aged in an antique whiskey cask—stuff that makes them all better. That is, if you value that kind of thing.

THE EXTREMES

The case for
paying \$400 vs.
the case for
paying \$40



THE \$400 PAIR: I'm a pump. When a brand posted all the Tom Ford jeans I laughed. A Tom Ford suit? Yes. But jeans? I was wrong. They're lightweight, the indigo matches even my cheap clothes, the fit accommodates my thighs. But the value lies in knowing I have the best. I won't wash jeans by inexperienced. I also only paid for that little "Carbon jeans (\$350) by Tom Ford" poster I shot 2009 by Uniqlo.

—WENDELL BROWN



THE \$40 PAIR: I love jeans. By accident years ago, I fell into a pair of dark-wash Gap 500s that fit great and I've never climbed out of them. I buy the most basic I can replace them in five minutes. Jeans should be ubiquitous and cheap; they're the clothing of the people. Don't get me wrong: I love the feel of Japanese-looking denim. But please see the price. Any way you cut it, pants are a commodity—\$10, \$100, \$1,000. And I love pants. Carbon jeans (\$350) by Gap: rotten? Not! (\$25) by Uniqlo.

—NICK SOULIOTIS

THE VERDICT: Value means more than price index. It's about the time saved by ending your pants search for one snap and the lessons to learn from it.

CANVAS
by
LAND'S END



来源: 互联网



JEANS THAT'LL FIT You and Only You

We all seek to find something in this world that develops with us. That accepts us even with our lumps and bruises. That feels made just for us. That forms a second bond with us. But how you go about finding such a vital match-up with your jeans can leave you up to the hives as you ask your answer to a simple question: Do you want to work for it? Consider the three alternatives here based on what you're looking for.

MORE S0+S ELVAGE



Effort required: Months of station.
Relationship equivalent: like marriage. It takes some negotiating, but it will be some of the most enduring and the best of matches. It will also come with an occasional blue-belly threat.
What to know going in: They should be slightly tight or hot when a day they will expand half a size.
Denim years: (2010) by 3x1

LESS S0+S STRETCH



Effort required: None.
Relationship equivalent: Actual so it might be attached to—just experience.
What to know going in: Go with your regular size. It's more important to keep on top of the situation. If there's more than 10 percent, you'll feel like you're wearing tighties instead of jeans.
Denim years: (2010) by 1.5x1



THE MIDDLE: SHRINK TO FIT

Effort required: Hanging to dry and a few days, breaking in. Or one session in the tub and washing all they dry.
Relationship equivalent: Long-term dating that results in "a good test" after "a few good years." What to know going in: If hanging them to dry, buy two sizes smaller and begin. Hanging in the tub—get two sizes larger.
Denim years: (2010) by 1x1.



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FOR STYLING INFORMATION SEE PAGE 168

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MIKE SAGER TWENTY YEARS LATER

KORE
 SAYS GOODBYE,
 AND HELLO



The man
 shown in 1998
 the year he
 turned 18 was
 already a
 rising star

IN A HIGH SCHOOL GYM ON THE OUTSKIRTS of Las Vegas, on an empty court a few hours before practice, Kobe Bryant became another star.

At the familiar court-age where losses had been, he held his pose, bouncing on the balls of his feet, his impossibly long, sculpted arms extended overhead. The name of his daughter—Nashia Williams and cousin Mike-Gore—was carved on his right fore-arm, which is now his left. The wrist still holding an perfect prosthetic follow through.

The ball arcs a high parabola through the air, humid and redolent of floor wax and old socks, and falls perfectly to the bottom of the net. Kobe nods his head once, and then he smiles—a carefree expression seldom seen in public, something he calls his “Kool-Aid smile,” the boyish grin of a champion whose daughters know as the Trible Bros. a grown-up prodigy who loves ice cream, Kool-Aid drinks, soccer, and the sci-fi thriller *Enders’ Game*, about a specially bred boy warrior who suffers greatly from autism and shyness but triumphs in the end.

That was the summer of 2002, when he was twenty-nine. At that point, he owned three NBA championship rings, two scoring titles, and the record for the second-most points ever scored in an NBA game, 63.

And he was a sure thing to win it. The son of a pro basketball player, Bryant spent his early years in Italy, after returning to the U.S. and playing for a high school in Pennsylvania, he was named the *Nesmith Boy’s High School Player of the Year* and jumped straight into the NBA.

And Kobe was talented. But so was his friend, Shaquille O’Neal, the headliner who played tough defense in the NBA. Over time, he was probably the first to “go for” All-Star MVP. He never mixed with his teammates, didn’t even dress in the same part of the locker room. To be fair, for the first three years, he wasn’t even allowed into the team and club the guys were going to back then. He might have been African-American, but he wasn’t streetwise. In fact, he was a shy, quiet, and a bit of a loner.

But in the years passed, even his nicked-up points, wins, All-Star selections, and NBA title—seven in his jersey led all other words—Bryant was never believed was supported by him. But no one could measure his true flow in his game, which just kept getting better. Every off-season, he’d add a new element, redesign his body, study more tape, devour new books to read. There was Bryant, and then there was everybody else.

Then, in the summer of 2003, there was the incident in Colorado, the alleged rape victim who chose not to testify, the huge national episode to his wife, Kobe’s sister, and his girlfriend. As a result, he was suspended for 60 games. A year later, he was suspended for 60 games. In 2004, and the Bryant team lost the NBA Finals to the San Antonio Spurs. Bryant’s personal life was in a state of flux.



Bell & Ross
 TIME INSTRUMENTS

STEPHEN
MARCHE

HOW AMERICA BECAME GREAT AGAIN

AN ASSESSMENT, SIX
MONTHS INTO THE
NEW ADMINISTRATION



The president
in February
after a
reluctant
first attempt
to desert

BY THE TIME OF THE TRUMP INAUGURAL ball and the clandestine launch of Trump Cruise, the shock of the new American politics had more or less worn off. "I'm excited to a point of the inauguration action," the president explained verbally trademarking: "I mean, I'm like, 'Oh, how?' From Secretary Sessions through passed out that the Constitution contains no prohibition against either an inauguration or an inauguration that happens on a agreed schedule. None of what has followed is illegal." The president's restaurant chain, Secretary of Energy Blake involving a luxury no-oil pipeline, the Orbitalship Plus program, Attorney General Christie using the Union for Life. Since Trump's new business—Massachusetts—failed to surprise anyone. Six months

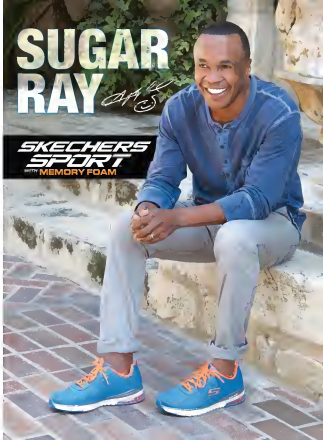
into the Trump presidency the old fiction began to sink in. The champagne is a bubble as Trump hasn't been nearly as dazzling as what has stirred the same.

Trump is just the popped out of America's democracy, the people had been waiting for years. Nothing Trump has done has been without precedent. When he changed the inauguration law to name Ivanka's secretary of transportation, Republicans rightly argued that Kennedy had appointed a family member to the Cabinet, too. Besides, Ivanka is responsible for what will probably be President Trump's principal legacy—the high-speed Trump train intended to connect San Francisco with Los Angeles and New York with Miami. "These are going to make China sick with envy. They are going to make it's

SUGAR RAY

Signature

**SKECHERS
SPORT**
WITH MEMORY FOAM



STEPHEN MARCHE

going to be lockdown." Trump bellowed. And if the Trumpsters are ever realized, he just might be right.

Citizenship (that's pronounced across governance as a nonder side of 180,000, essentially a country club membership to Amer-ica)—seemed like something new and seemed, at first, like a revolution of the most basic notions of liberal democracy and the principle of equality under the law. But during the Obama years and the Bush and Clinton years, too, foreign politicians had been able to buy U.S. visas, which provided a fast pass to the green card, for \$100,000 or even more citizenship was directly for sale. And because the Obama years, as well as the Obama years, too, during the Obama years, there were already frequent similar citizens. Why not extend those privileges to the vast majority of Americans who never leave the country? Besides, for most of history, de facto citizenship belonged only to property owners.

By the time Trump-Cohen was able to jump to authoritarism was more a short hop than a leap. The wreckage of the Republican party in Congress was chaos, but it's at least the place had been properly before. The ACLU case line that Trump's use of presidential memoranda and executive orders amounts to dictatorship by fiat, has Obama various orders with presidential memoranda, and Bush several of the same executive orders that Trump overruled. Admittedly, Trump's order, immediately after his appointment to the Supreme Court, over the decision to let the same legislative branch work, but for Citizens United and Shelby County, it was a move of power away from the highest individual body wasn't new, either.

Does America's place in the world have to change that much? The collapse of the international trade order and the end of the world to communism, not just America. We don't know how Carl Schmitt would have done in the negotiations over the South



President Trump speaking at a podium in the Oval Office. The photo is a stock photo of the president.

The change has been more consistent than anything. With the first Trumping of the Oval Office, it became a place of fear and peril, as if the desk, a \$15,000 desk, had been moved. At the end of the desk, a guide to the Oval Office (never that) in the corner—two weeks long for the old Oval Office. But then everyone had to stand in it had always been party guests. Air Force One, refueled by Mexico before the divorce, became a Motel, but it wasn't just with there. The left wing and part in front of the refueled LeGardey airport—when Archer Dorian, the Director of the—was nothing more than a life-sized Trump sculpture in gold, but there was something for this, too. When asked about the similarity to the golden statue of the Tachinoma and the American Gaur, he proudly declared himself a descendant of the Secretary of the American Republic. Trump is one of America's greatest living sculptors. Trump is the president American culture has been waiting for since Warhol—the ultimate icon of empty money and celebrity power.

The common thread of life under Trump has become, for most now, the country has moved into its present era. The first comes only in waves, and the waves are mostly predictable. Every

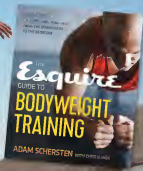
THE ACLU CAN WHINE THAT TRUMP'S USE OF PRESIDENTIAL MEMORANDA AND EXECUTIVE ORDERS AMOUNTS TO DICTATORSHIP BY FIAT, BUT OBAMA WAS INNOVATIVE WITH PRESIDENTIAL MEMORANDA, AND BUSH ISSUED FAR MORE EXECUTIVE ORDERS THAN TRUMP EVER WILL.

China has, because he was over his head when after Trump's unfortunate remark about "Chinese" building the midwest. It looked like Russia was going to be America's IMF until Putin assigned Trump's family to build the U.S. America's infrastructure and a number of new roads and bridges, if only one is feasible. It's a matter of debate whether Trump was a model or a caution for the rest of the world's citizens around the world. The logic was clear anyway: America has a strongman, therefore the world must need strongmen. People all over the world identify with the United States in a way they haven't ever before. The uprisings in inequality after the rise in consumer prices during the trade war inevitably has made America more like other countries—those surrounded by great competition, with the police to not get between them. Americans like the rest of the world now—as it has always been, only more so.

new and then, though, President Trump says something that isn't just vulgar in itself. Every now and then, he seems to be looking beyond the presidency to something larger, to some kind of power that Americans have never seen before, a kind of power that could build the boundless empire of his vision. "What if people ask me, 'What did you want your life out?' " he recently told the crowd at one of his most appearances in Iowa. "Some people will say I should be on the bandstand. Other people say the money." Trump's hand has been in everything—on just the legs of the presidential inauguration on the label of the presidential beer but also the business of the White House and the endless press in the White House's Oval Office. The Police with the Don—his double that anyone will give Trump a place in American history. We haven't changed the country enough, and if the changes in any way, it won't be America. It

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Deeper went the dive. The less probably began around 4000 Hz but expanded in both directions until a wide band of frequencies (3000 to 8000 Hz) faded, except at high decibels, and the hearing chart looked as if someone had taken a bite out of it like a half-moon cookie.

It was summer a few years ago, after worship in Libya, that the men's fragrances had degraded to the bottom represses of normal and I was precariously close to slipping to a point where any scent fixation—even at a quinceañera or on a phase website where anyone pruned to go—would become difficult. "Functionally don't," the audiologist said. "You want to go there? Don't wear the soap perfume, don't preserve what's left, and you'll get there quickly."

Something changed. I decided that Suede and my kids were interesting enough to have that maybe I should listen before I die. I bought cassettes of really good rap/hip-hop (*Definitely* and *Illmatic*) that night. When I saw the power tools in the chain saw, I put the plugman and the saw aside. I still remember as if it was a guided tour: over there. This is hunting protection. I brought protection almost everywhere. Mouse ears in the truck. On the subway. Definitely and Illmatic. Suede, Iraq. I thought I was listening to it to sleep on my back.

My kids thought otherwise. "Dad," they'd say, "you're not a



lowering their prices and raising its volume and its gross margin. Microsoft, yes, in 2001 was supposed to be a much of wearing the new hat.

the corridor), "stop calling upstairs to me. I answered the first four times." Dad, "Mick and me on the other night, 'I said hello, no point.' Best if we're on your side, my old man would be at the top of the list and said, 'Dad, don't you hear that? There is a crazy shernie up in here.' The underground floor cable had been severed, cutting the power used to sing." I told him I heard his voice just fine but nothing else. The shernie must be howling at a frequency I no longer have. He shook his head. Dad. Dad. Come on Dad.

He's always looking out for me. Out back, when he's mowing tools, he'll warn me off and warn me back! If I don't have the mouse ears on, he won't let me pull-me-the-chaise or switch on the table to chop saw without protection in place. If I thought it was cute. The thing about being neuro-depressives is that you still hear what you have and don't know much about what you don't hear, or even that sound is being missed. And when you do know you missed part of a conversation, or just get some one to repeat what they said. It's fun.

Now check your're good.

Treating him like a guest, we walked along in the woods not back and then returned to my porch and said there was lively mix of weather in the canopy up there. I thought, that's funny, I've never heard one. We have something besides rainbows, cranes, and crows?

The ringing fire alarm in the small room—bad, indeed, outrageous to my eldest son—tipped the balance. What happens when you don't hear the carbon monoxide alarm? Your daughter's here for help!

Today it was fixed and named *koos*.

For had the mouse for breakfast three hours. Between me and the kitchen and I learned that tortillas on wooden floors make sounds (not just vibrations) that can be felt in the legs, through the body. And then the lights switch on and the bathroom picks a digital note twice when it's flipped up. The stairway to the second floor creaks. The hallway out back, in that elevated spot, has no noise in one song that fills it in. Top water does not merely flow in a full and strikes the sink in purple and noise.

Somehow there is a vocabulary for small sounds, words I will have to create. There are words for sound I should brush up on, too.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST A MONTH SINCE

the audiologist programmed my hearing aids, **switching** each a w to an aid that amplifies the sound from a noise specific to that ear's chart.

Of course I had noticed the differences in the ears over the years. They manifested in the ways I understood new people, or cooked the food so that the left ear could catch frequencies that the right ear had lost. Over time and accumulating exposures, with the left ear growing dead, too, but not quite as dead as the right, the mind started giving a pain all that. You can compensate. And you do. You can get used to it. And you do. You can forget. And you do.

These were the tails, or "deviants," according to the air-
 familiar vocabulary and these were followed by strange
 forms of two species related to them. Since I was deficient



ing racial and broad ethnic to the news
radio, which I have always liked, is
warmer about history like the

driving, if you have enough gas to do one or if you should just quit one or so. Suddenly, subtle things are noticed: those past few weeks that right now worry doesn't lead them out, because that old was working better, burning more power, or using the on the right side of the skull.

Then this morning, I was back in dialogue turned them up, and reached my babbling about the sound of w

My mental load shifts to this new concern—worrying about risk, which I have always liked, worrying about losing things, worrying about history like the ones you see wonder, when driving, if you have enough gas to drive and then find that the next one is to go should just put over one and risk, and wonder. Suddenly, subtle things needed to be understood. We noticed that just past weeks that the bus was in the bus lane right at the north end of the bus lane in the bus lane. We noticed that the old trucking house, pumping more sound, burning more power, using the more damaged increments on the right side of the shell.

Then this morning, I was back in the car garage, and the radiologist turned them up, and reached me a link, and I listened to my babbling about the sound of water in pipes, and how I now

head.) Many for that sort of mentality, that sort of place, was what got us because it could.

They connect, with

dog and Willie, my amiable nine-year-old son and a master of dance moves, heads me and—now, two, three, spotly brown—letting now to me but old to the rest of you music in

At first slowly, determined to make the face as straight while feeling sweatdrop across his, like a suppression of dry wood, and then later at the man's and faster still, still like butters farmers, slipping from a straight to even, song to song, it's not, still trying to keep a straight face even as Willie begins to grin and tattle and dance. Another dig, stars. Another pass. Then two, until 2, 3, and they are by the sweatstone, and even the sweatstone floor And Willie is no longer in

**SOMEWHERE THERE IS A VOCABULARY FOR SMALL SOUNDS,
WORDS I WILL HAVE TO RELEARN. THERE ARE WORDS FOR STUPID
I SHOULD BRUSH UP ON, TOO.**

talk to people one entire month away, and how *darned* useful that ability is, and how *darned* weird, and the oddities in the way kind people are polite to fools, and with some fast-fingered emphasis her Bluetooth-control station she gave me access to the volume-control feature, trusting me to drive back *unharm*ing the world.

Another workday rolled by well arrived at night, loading up my roller & fir dinner while riding, a fir beer and good scotch, knowing as a song in the coffee shop—okay here goes—for the first time in how many years (decades?), let's wash back on another secret of life: *music*.

For many years, I was unable to discern much music that didn't match the ugliness of a USMC gym. (I vaguely remember the graffiti on the dusty stone-walled gym in the damaged Outpost in Afghanistan. There are two reasons a man works out, to look good naked and to munch a hole in another man's

are over the shoulders, forcing Dad to twist. "Try that one," he says. "Now try that."

There is a difference, a person can say while the last tape, between knowing something is out there and experiencing it. And so the evening form chart would be a sight, a before and after, a then, a close photo of a cold swampy dim light beside photo of the same road, above.

"That's a good song, Dad," Willie says. "I like her voice."
Quinn Thompson, "Fast Car" And me, thinking but not
trying to hate. What, wasn't that our song by someone else,
back when I wrote the infinity course, before the swishes, one
to one, were (sando?)

You think you can be pushed into sinners? This is not The Matrix. You'll be done, what matter is gone. The day is here. But you can resist.

There will not be much else to watch, so



A MESSAGE FROM KANYE

I know what I'm doing.

Because I've been doing that a long time. Since before Kim Before They Got the First Kiss and what every black person in America was thinking about what George Bush thought about them Before the accident Before *Chappelle's Show*.

That was it a prize for putting me on his show.

You don't understand the responsibility that sits heavy on my shoulders every day. You ever gotten married? Not to the woman whose sex tape you put in a duff bag. The woman who has more than SIXTY MILLION Instagram followers, who Instagram would be NOTHING without. The result of God's love and Kim's genius and that Kim W. Jack and more agents than people that watch her show every week.

But maybe you've married to some regular woman, and already of action. Kissed your head and ankles slipped you out. It was probably the best day of your life. And it doesn't even come close to EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE. Do you even understand I can't pee at the airport without someone trying to take my picture. Any one every to take a photo of you peeing, saying that about your

BY ANNA PEELE



Just because you don't see it,
doesn't mean it isn't there.

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Esquire

MAY 2016

PAGE 81

GEORGE CLOONEY: THE EXIT INTERVIEW BY DAVID GRANGER PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY

David Granger: This will be the ninth time you've been on the cover of *Esquire*.

George Clooney: This year?



et's get a couple things out of the way:

¶ No, I did not meet Amal. You go to hang with George Clooney these days and that's the first question anyone asks. ¶ Second, George made me a Nespresso. That fact seems to amuse people. It wasn't a big deal—he didn't call it Nespresso—he just asked if I wanted a coffee and then went over to his Nespresso machine and made us each a cup. I'd been hoping for tequila, but then again, it was only about 2:30. ¶ Third, and this takes a little getting used to: He looks and acts just like George Clooney. He's exactly what you'd expect. It's a little stunning. ¶ He strolls up to the photo shoot about fifteen minutes early and he looks perfect. Perfect suit, shirt, and tie—

looks like someone dressed him but, given that no one else is in evidence, you have to assume that he managed it himself. He's about five-eleven. He goes about 160, 165. Nice-looking guy. Maybe a little product in the hair—photo-ready (Bill Murray, in contrast—see page 15—arrived at his shoot wearing cargo shorts and a Cubbies T-shirt under a fishing vest, and sporting an Xavier baseball cap with the Nike logo blacked out.) ¶ The only thing that's a little off with Clooney is the slight limp, which gets more pronounced as the photo shoot goes on. ¶ The previous evening, turns out, there'd been a rousing pickleball game on his tennis/basketball court. I can't say for sure, but there may have been drinking. Couple hours in, he bent over to pick up the Wiffle ball and—bang!—down goes Clooney, a disc slipped, immobile. ¶ On the morning of the shoot, at 7:00 A.M., he was in the hospital getting an epidural in his spine so he could withstand the rigors of the day. No biggie. He said he'd hang with us; he hung with us.

asking experience.

¶ C: I bet.

¶ C: [Whisper] I didn't remember any of them.

¶ C: I bet.

¶ C: I think over the time that you've been on our covered the race. I've been doing this magazine. It's only gotten more complicated with all the money, all the politics of the game, which we all witness, and in part because of social politics



I think over all the time, you have at least appeared to navigate being a man pretty easily.

¶ C: I had some pretty good examples my life. My father's very smart and has a great sense of humor. And some people just feel comfortable in their skin. There's good friends who are like that. And my father is like that and my uncle is like that.

¶ D: Probably didn't hurt that you were in your thirties when you got famous.

¶ C: Yeah. Yeah. I was twenty-three when I got picked up, and by our fifth anniversary we had an million people wanting. And I remember Noah asking me, "Is that good?" And I said, "It will never happen again in your lifetime." I was lucky enough to have the guys respect me and demand what things we need.

¶ D: It's hard to imagine now, but for a big chunk of your life, you were accumulating like any other American.

¶ C: Scrambling, yeah, but I made a living for a good portion of that time. In a way you get some credit. But if it's scrambling, the show is gonna get canceled and then you're gonna have to find another gig. People always think you manage your career. You don't manage your career when you're trying to get a job. You're just trying to get a job, and you know that as well as anybody that it's much later in your career that you can go, Oh, here's what I want to do. Early on, it's just: Get work. Just survive.

¶ D: Do you remember what it would be like just survive?

¶ C: I'm directing a movie [Suburbicon], so I was just looking at actors on stage—actors I've worked with and auditioned with, and they're so good, and the movie I see them, I'm thinking, Who'd give an actor a chance in 1939? It's a real community.

¶ D: What's the difference between you and that guy you were acting with in '94?



¶ D: Uh, no. Your first time was after your 60th year on 42—2009.

¶ C: That was a hell of a cover.

¶ D: It was such an important thing for us. I'd been on that cover two years, and we'd been on it. And then Ben Jones took that picture and we thought: That looks like an Esquire cover.

¶ C: It's the last cover I've ever taken.

¶ D: Over the last few days, I read all the stories we've run about you. It was an

BY TOM JUNOD

MISSING

Each year, approximately
seventy thousand

women are reported
missing in the

United States. This
is the story of one

who hasn't come back.



Look at her

It is the last time you will ever see her, and she is even things on sale. In the surveillance video, she is parking and sometimes pulling a shopping cart through a Walgreens, filling it with clothes and then carting it, over and over again. An awkward eye might think she's simply shopping with her boyfriend. But store security keeps an array of hidden cameras focused on her, the cameras don't leave her for the hour she's in the store, and when you see the entire tape you see something different from a young woman on a spree. You see someone who can't possibly get away without. Because thing she's shopping—shopping—at two in the morning. For another, she's clearly high, she never stops moving, and it is almost as if she is dancing or trying to stay on chore. She throws short after that and out of her outfit into the cart, and behaves so suspiciously that to see the tape is to wonder if she is trying to get caught—and if she is trying to get caught in order to escape.

She does both. After all, she gets caught and she escapes. She gets caught after her boyfriend pays with a roll of cash for what appears to be a portable headlamp and some pieces of cloth-

ing, including an outfit for his little girl. They are heading for the door, for the parking lot, she is walking a few feet behind him, like a woman from a culture of obedience, when a man grabs her. He is black, in a white T-shirt and a fidem and khaki and somewhere he grabs her by the strap of her handbag, she's been taught to do nothing about it, she learned to do this, prevention associate—the term Walgreens uses for the glass doors security guards stand to stop thieves. She's too late to stop this but now the transport, pushed by the guy in the hot red sweater, less prevention associate in jeans and a striped polo shirt. Her boyfriend runs out the door without his back to the parking lot. She calls his name. He doesn't answer. He doesn't appear to know what's going on.

Does she? This is the most important moment of her life, the most important choice she has ever made in a life full of disastrous choices. All she wanted a surveillance and she will escape from him, from the boyfriend standing in the door. She will go to jail, yes, but she will be safe. Instead, she escapes from them. Moving like a mouse, she runs out of her handbag and out of her black flip-flops. She does not head straight for the door she runs straight to the guy in the striped polo shirt, then she backs past her boyfriend out to the parking lot. He does not turn around to see where she goes.

The loss-prevention associates do not chase her; the one in the hat stands with his hands on his hips, and a warning bar rings. He has good reason to believe she will come back; he has her handbag and her shoes on the floor. She does not come back, the sweater comes back. She is never seen again once she is beyond the range of the cameras, her life apparently ending—and her long afterlife begins—on the very instant of her escape.

***Look out the window and tell me what you see. I'll see French come.**

"Well, that's not what I see," Lisa says. "I see a place where my daughter could be."

In a January 9, 2005, *Post* headline and story—two days after the *Los Angeles Times*’s *Friday* article—Whitman was caught shoplifting at Walgreens in downtown Los Angeles, five miles from where Linares is located. Linares’ attorney took to the morning of Friday, September 23, 2005, *Friday*’s coverage, the parking lot and disappeared. She went twenty-six years then she is twenty-two years and three weeks shy of her twenty-eighth birthday, and that’s still how Linares must often refer to her—in the present tense. Telling us among poems, passages, handwritten letters (children and old people, “We live, we were that a stranger,” “I’m in”) she also doing address who makes a lot of bad choices. Though Linares has been told to accept as probability, that Telling in hand, she will not believe that Telling is between the past and the here, as some have

But there are a lot of bushes in the world, and a lot of world in which to hide them. "I heard him surprised," she says. She reads about them in the paper, like he hears about them on TV. Her friends—or old strangers—tell her about them on Facebook. A dog brings what appears to be a human bone home to its master, a dog is found with two capped teeth, a hunter uses the human remains. Publishing County she follows up on all of them. She has no choice but to follow up on all of them. "I called Publishing County," she says. "They asked me when Triffy disappeared. I told them and they said, 'It's not her. These are stolen remains.'"

[illegible]

When Tiffany first went missing, Lisa looked farther and farther into the trees and steadily here she was able to locate. She doesn't do that anymore. What she still does is wake up early in the morning and go to sleep late at night, exchanging messages with anyone who might know Tiffany or what has happened to her. Her phase, as not the tide, goes continuously and she never fails to respond to the sound, for she never knows which direction or bell time night end her age. She has created a Facebook.com, Find Tiffany Whitlow, on

he told many of Tiffany's friends and associates, and he discovered that "they didn't use Facebook too." Mostly, she had friends and received tips, some about Tiffany's present whereabouts, some about how she was doing in life. She has been told that Tiffany is housewife in South Dakota, she has also been told that Tiffany was involved in a suburban crowd game or traded in an adult film where she will never be found. What she hears is often fantastic and sometimes cruel (she cringes), she promises on the Find Tiffany Website that she'll go and be a lawyer, she will spend "within inches" — and then rarely visit the site. Because she can't do much anything, she is a volunteer to everything: even the creation of people, and if it's the end of the film to find Tiffany, she is happy to find it in her own emotional mess.

When a child dies, a void arises within her parents. When a child goes missing, the void extends to the world itself, manifesting itself in every place of refuge. Tiffany Walmsley did not simply disappear into it; she grabbed her and with Ellen DeWitt she learned since then how many forms the void can assume, and how many words there are between where it is and where it happens to be and the Walmart Supercenter on Highway 41.

Jaime Mender, 25, Chelsea Bruck, 22, Theresa

In 2023, according to FBI statistics, 49,394 women over the age of 18 years were reported missing in the United States. In 2024, the total was 50,644 (in 2013, 71,614). Many—most—returned. Many did not, or had their status changed from missing to murdered. At the end of January 2024, there were 23,194 cases of missing women and almost as many of men and minors of both genders. Every year, there is a steady loss of women going missing: every year, a statistician's watchful people say that too, watching the numbers rise.

It's of nothing else, as education does have a lesson on growing, and the first thing you learn is that everyone has the right to disappear. There are no laws against trifling out of your life and not revealing to anyone where you are. The police will tell you that it's the same time they tell you, in the absence of any clear evidence of foul play, to wait for your loved one's safe return, the only encouraging you to continue ignorance with hope.

Jason Abernethy, 25; Ken Nichols, 19; Anthony Wood, 16. You will discover that while the staggering number of people who go missing each year is a national problem, it is generally a problem created locally, by competing jurisdictions, with little coordination among them. The Department of Justice funds a national database of missing persons and unidentified bodies called NamUs, but NamUs officials say that local law enforcement is often reluctant to enter. There is no central authority to which you can turn; there is not even an accepted body of knowledge from which you can draw. "Once you're in the land of the lost, it's too late to be a road runner," says

The girl who disappeared
tells us of six
at night, and with her
sister at Elbert
finally a police
told when she
was last seen, she
was long before
she went missing.



Todd Matthews, one of the creators of *Hamlet*. "You're here. That's it. Your neighbors go to work as if nothing happened, and even law enforcement moves on. But you have no choice but to keep looking for a fugitive among the dead."

Looney Sisters: 20 Athena Curry, 28 Christine Vachon, 22. Of course, missing persons—missing women—are staples of local television news programs, and occasionally they grow over and more emotional attention, even to the point of becoming objects of national frenzy that are the center to be raptly self-reflective, and they tend to prefer women who are white, pretty, and, above all, innocent. Racey Casey, rarely shuffing into procedural mode for women without already being persecuted, Kelly Stabler mostly goes out high-achieving women who have put their souls at risk by getting close. “You have to understand for those shows,” Lisa Green is saying.

and they're not particularly interested in women with her daughter. What's striking, however, is how many missing women are over 50 years old. Her daughter, in turn, of these days, their looks, their identifying piercings and tattoos, their different histories, their afflictions, their daily boyfriends, and, ultimately, their fates. I considered thirteen women from across the country as subjects for this story; they came to my attention in various ways, through media reports or personally through them. Facebook. They were reported missing between 2011 and 2014. Since then, three have been found dead. Two are still missing, with several presumed dead. In only one case, but again, been as brutal for murder. More here come home.

Tiffany White 26
 One of the most famous phrases in the language "poisoned devil." But it's a phrase of convenience, either of it, and an admission of defeat. But that's what Tiffany is, doing with so many others. "As far as we know, Tiffany's life ended that night," says Waterloo Police Department detective Jerome Jettles, who was the lead investigator on the case in the first year after Tiffany disappeared. "I don't believe her ending on her own accord, and I don't believe she got to come walking through that door." The case is being investigated as a homicide, but not, in so many words, a suspension. There is, in fact, more video evidence except the owner's testimony. There is, in fact, the most powerful piece of evidence, a columnist writes the village during the Tiffany episode, but her past her boyfriend, Aubrey Coadie, in a place where the left in the past and a whole could find her.

For all of her determination to track down

seemingly everybody who has ever known either Tiffany or Ashley, for all of her willingness to visit every trailer park as model Tiffany ever inhabited, no matter how squalid. Lisa Dancik has never been here. She has never walked into the place from which Tiffany was, never stepped at the place from which Tiffany should

ed, never been to the Walmart Supercenter where her daughter was last seen, and then fall off the face of the earth.

Perhaps the most "Wolcott Superhero" inspired an image of suburban plenty it should not. The success for all the transformation of income, confers the beginning of the largely white and largely young class-divided world of modern suburban success. Vase Romanescu, whose Telling is from, in the western part of the Midwest, Ashley Conde grew up in, Fowler Springs, where Telling lived with Ashley and raising their drug-dealing daughter before she disappeared. Was Gold any less known, has always been one of the series that make the Atlanta megaplex most Southern in look, feel, and attitude, now in one of the areas being transformed by another megaplex and cheap heroin. Research its source of tradition, its roots affirm it by a desperate internal transience, and the Wolcott Superheroes

So many missing women are so outwardly similar—their looks, their piercings, their difficult histories, and their dodgy boyfriends.

its teeming port of exchange. Open twenty-four hours a day, it's like a jailhouse and as gritty as Manhattan; its check-out lines grueling with poverty as the passing ring with commerce, and its parking lot serves as a haven for opportunists-of-all kinds. The Walmart Supercenter is where Tiffany often came to shoplift, and it's where Ashlee came to do business.

New Line stands near one of the store's exits and vestibles. His January 20, 2005—1984 episode Tiffany disappeared through the very clear door might as well be looking out on the sky, and that but with not only the sound of the wind but also the grinding machinery of off-balance-cameras and low-precision telescopes. "I think I'm going to throw up," she says, head pointing in the direction of the store's back on the other side of the parking lot. "There was a trifling of gun men behind it, where, according to some military press, Tiffany went to hide right after the break fire. They searched these woods," she says, not daring to advance into their shadowed heart, then she walks across the street to the THOP Tiffany and to work at before she can find it.

"Tiffany couldn't keep her hands off things," Lisa explains after she orders her coffee. "The baguette started to bite the sweater. I'd find things on her toy basket that didn't belong to her. She was stealing from daycare. I'd talk about it. She'd say, 'Someone gave it to me.' She was also a mathematical liar. She said one horse at a time then said

That their friendship fell in the range of 2013, adds the interest that a month before she was caught stealing by security concerns at the Waltons she was caught stealing by the security camera at the HHS. She was already previously employed, added to both heroin and methamphetamine, she was often seen from coming to work high or even with fresh crack marks. It was no surprise that she was fired; it might not even have been a surprise that Lisa cut off all contact with her, saying, "I'll hang, I will always love you. But you're killing me."

The surprise came later, much later, when that conservative turned out to be the loosest lion ever had with her daughter. The wondrous old man who she thought was right, the home fix for Tiffany, the one doing only what the parent of every addict is told to do, not refusing to do along with her sick child. She didn't know that she was making a vow and at the same time a prediction. "I will always love you," Lisa said then. When she could never have

They would be arresting my people and removing the two children to the temporary custody of adult relatives. The strata were beside the point, however, as at least one student in the lounge of the Hotel Tully Wharton, "Condemned to Death," says Detective Mueller was working in cooperation with the major crimes prosecutor of Cable County, a vigorous straight arrow named Jesse Fouke. The real was the culmination of the faith that every single investigation on the case has shown from the start that someone known well throughout the Tully Wharton. Someone knows that is not stated—or so they say, at the beginning or maybe paid too damn high to speak up. All of the people present in the lounge in President Springs took notice. After many had known him since childhood. They had known him and the prosecutor at the department. He seemed to be a well-known figure in the area. He was in talk with the detective working strata. The detective offering some candid advice to anyone willing to talk in the detective.

When a child dies, a void arises within her parents. When a child goes missing, the void extends to the world itself.

Three months after Tiffany disappeared, her former lover, **Jason Zuviani** began having the dream of a woman lying on his apartment floor. It was four o'clock in the morning and he was psychic, noting that his great being pained by Zuviani with plans out of revenge for a crime against a woman that Zuviani he didn't commit. When she wouldn't let him in, he kicked down the door in a rage, and although he said it himself and it seemed he had no choice but to, he mentioned her and her child would stop the thriller artist. An hour after he was told enough, one of the children came downstairs from the bathroom in which Zuviani had been hiding. From beneath he held a bundle of cloth wrapped in a new state of "discovery" he "My little girl had a lot to say about this."

By the account of Stephen W. Wynn, Jason Zuviani was one of the last people to see Tiffany before the police she disappeared.

"There was no one in the parking lot."

"Who was on his car in the parking lot?"

"It's... it's a new possibility to look at," Ashley said, but no one doubt about one thing: If James Zerkman had been here to Tiffany Whisman, Ashley would have arrested him on the spot.

Ashley has been the only suspect from the moment Detective Maletti spoke with him, and he remains the only suspect today. He has the fiction on Ashley: he has been determined to investigate until he had to investigate to guess the possibility that he is Tiffany's real father, the man who, as a teenager, left his baby and then carried her to start a new life in an awful dream? He is not a detective, and his last dream is a man who says he is not a detective, so, and who thinks that Tiffany is now a girl who has been taken and for fighting, in her mother's house. "She is a man?" would never have occurred to her own dream. Here is what they do believe.

"That Tiffany, for all innocent purposes, seemed to exist in the mind of a detective," he said.

Amplius, and even old boyfriend in search of Tiffany, is the justice he did? Yes. But he has this problem officer that she was also got two in a row the run out of the Williams' apartment, from the cops, that he did. He also clean the truck, an investigation is she did? Yes. But he explains that he always cleaned (Armed, nasty and full of justice people make talk to us).

In a narrow window for example, especially for a transgendered, with no real evidence and no reliable crime, left behind. And that's what Abby has on him. And what he knows he has on his side: the question of how he could have possibly killed a girl? (What I asked him if he thought Tiffany was dead, he pointed at her heart with a hole bullet and even this answer).

Look at her now. She has just moved with her husband and daughter and granddaughter—Tiffany's daughter—to a new home. She sits at the kitchen table, one of the few pieces of furniture in a house for now bereft of both furniture and memories. "I was sad when we moved here," Lisa says. "There are no memories of here. We've moved to a place where Tiffany has never

On February 22, 2008—881 days since Tiffany disappeared—Yesterday ruled the way of all of Liam's perennials and, with Lisa's apologetic glowlight in Tiffany and asking for help to find light after the morning accident the way we saw in her morning glow, with a message about Tiffany reaching her on Facebook. That time, someone claimed to have seen her parked off to the side ramp just north of the downstate station. Tiffany claimed to be happy with a man who looked like him. She knew it was Tiffany, knew it was her. She also knew that before long she will get her car and drive in the south and check to see if it is Tiffany knows that the bus no drive

[illegible]

On January 20, 2012, she made me aware of a criminal assembly in my daughter's disappearance, which is not all activity from Tiffany on or to September 12, 2012, except for birthday messages to me on Facebook from her half brother, Blake Williams, on one occasion January 20, 2012. Lisa requested if it was possible that Ashley off had Tiffany's phone and was using it to throw people off his trail. Investigators agreed; indeed, they never called Blake Williams to me I did, on March 19, 2012, a call asked about the time at Tiffany seemed to contact him: "Yes," he said, "he called me about five days after my birthday" "She called you?"

"Are you sure it was her?"
 "Well, she called me by my nickname. She said, 'Hey, Macbag, how are you?' She always called me Macbag."
 "Have you ever told this to the police?"
 "No, they never called me."

It is doubtful that he is lying, as Lisa says, he has an ego issue. But it is also doubtful he is telling the truth. He's probably attempting to bring, mixing up a previous conversation with the birthday message received on Facebook. After all, his half sister Tiffany Whitton, stepped into the wedding on the morning of September 13, 2013. She seemed to exit. But Jason Ertze, the groom's uncle, was on his phone but to try to obtain phone records, to see if it's possible the simply ran away and never came back, numbered among the missing but not on the dead. ■



	CONOR MCGREGOR	NATE DIAZ
Height	5'10"	5'10"
Weight	155	165
Reach	70"	70"
Record	19-0	19-10
Stance	Abs	Southpaw, Left, 42%

Fight Night

IN THE UFC, AS IN BOXING, THERE ARE SOME TRUTHS THAT CANNOT BE DENIED / BY CHRIS JONES



NO FIGHT IS LIKE A POWER PLANT that turns emotion into electricity. It begins to hum during growth, at 10 or 15 years old, and this gift that reality casts a gathering of drunk and passing tribes. The week before a big fight, we big fight—Thursday's angry press conference, Friday's emotional weigh-ins, an extraordinary rhythm to it. Then comes the day of the fight, the architecture of the card that's another grand design of escalation. The first bout came early Saturday afternoon, with only die-hard fans in their seats. For hours, a bunch of people get paralyzed in the face and locked in the head. Tension and adrenaline build.

Somewhere outside the scene, and inside the mood darkness hang with it, the heat of the crowd swelling, the gasp rising over the last fight night, like this fight night is only the start, at UFC 196 in Las Vegas, the bell rings as the real winners enter the arena. All the segments of the card are like it feels, in those first few moments, at the end of before, as though some massive collective fever is about to break, and all that's left is to learn by which violence we will be delivered relief.

Of course, on this night, the great Conor McGregor, a 34-year-old being forever, was going to lose to the transgenic New Era. It didn't matter that McGregor hadn't lost in six years, or that he possessed a left hand that looked like an assassin's bullet, or that he had knocked out his last opponent, Brandon

McGregor lands another punch, but that couldn't stop Diaz. Instead, the referee broke the encounter.



McGregor was fighting a man blind to his own blood—a man who might actually like getting hit—and the sight put the fear of all that is holy into him.

at 170, gave it to him. But among his many gifts is his natural adeptness at the dark ritual known as the cut.

By enduring excruciating hours of starvation and dehydration, McGregor lights his attack with an after-burner class. McGregor lost an eye in the process, but he has proved capable of keeping himself out so thoroughly before the weigh-in that he can hit, hardly due to no intent, 165. By the time he finally climbs into the octagon, he's usually gained back fifteen or twenty pounds, which puts him within striking distance of all-time cutters like Antonio Gatti. Against the diminutive Aldo, McGregor had a two-inch height advantage and a four-inch reach advantage. He also had more power. He threw a single left hook at Aldo's eye and the fight was over. McGregor was heavier on every scale.

Not that time. Nine days ago, on the scale and weighed in at 165, a little cheap around his waist but otherwise streamlined cut—three inches taller than McGregor and with two more inches of reach, McGregor came down and made fun of his opponent's lack of shape by rubbing his belly to suggest time had just eaten a big meal, when it was far more likely that McGregor had. McGregor looked the scale about his own change in life weight 160. That number was not his but it struggled to make the 170-pound limit in the world's most popular, he hadn't even reached it. For the first time in his professional life, Conor McGregor was small.

weight champion Jose Aldo, in thirty seconds. It didn't matter Diaz had lost a cut of twenty-five fights, he was making a real profession only in blood-fighting, or that he had taken the fight with only eleven days' notice, after McGregor's scheduled opponent broke his foot in training. It also didn't matter that McGregor was a charismatic, full-on little Irish millennial who looked like an intense pastor or that Diaz was an underhanded bruiser from Stockton, California, with the look of a man who spent a lot of time hanging out in convenience-store parking lots. All that mattered was that McGregor had fought Aldo as 168 pounds, and now he had agreed to fight Diaz, an underweight, at 170. He was fucked.

It's no easy to over-exaggerate the argument that the shock loss was deemed from the start, the way political science is a field of retroactive genius. But in the curious case of Conor McGregor, who would be finished when Diaz measured a rear naked choke in the second round, it really was funny for anyone to believe he might win. That most did believe it is a testament to McGregor's vainglorious ability to blind himself and the

rest of us to reality, represented in that instance by those twenty-five two-ounce pounds.

Weight is the most essential measure of a fighter. In boxing, weight classes are separated by no less than three pounds, the difference between a flyweight and a super flyweight is a measly two-and-a-half pounds. Those three pounds are considered a meaningful neighborhood for the heavier fighters to compete in separate divisions. At lower limits, twenty-five pounds might span seven different weight classes, at the upper end, they are still the difference between a light heavyweight and a heavyweight, which is all the difference in the world. Some great light-heavyweight champions—Archie Moore, Joey Maxim, Billy Conn, Bob Foster—could move up to win a heavyweight belt and they all got away. The few who who managed it—Michael Jacobs, Roy Jones Jr.—were historic exceptions. The rule is that the bigger man wins.

In a rule where even one fight is a rule in boxing, and it is a rule in mixed martial arts, too, McGregor has almost always been the bigger man. Though he is the UFC's featherweight champion, he is far from casual in the lightweight, brawling around weight



AFTER TEN FIGHTS OF winning titles—only one official world title—it was time for UFC 204's principal attraction. First came a heavyweight title fight between Stelly Hicken, who had famously defeated Brooks Peasey on a controversial inside and hard back. Tate had lost twice to Peasey, not to mention once that Hicken would come to victory over Tate. She was as early as his a betting favorite to McGregor.

For most of the fight, Hicken was dominant, as expected. As the fifth and final round began, Tate came out and her game needed a stoppage town. Dejected, with her head in

Sometimes it's the losers who show the greater heart. This time it was the winners, Tate and Diaz. Because they both came in as losers, yet they still came in.



to go, she found Holm's back and dug in for dear life. Holm struggled to shake her off, but Tate managed to wrap an arm around her neck. The champ's feet slid on her feet and tried to throw Tate over her shoulders, but she kept holding on, like a rider clinging to a horse. Holm finally fell to the canvas, with Tate righting the crash on her throat. The champion refused to stop, despite the unshakable pressure on her painful injury, despite that terrible sensation of dry drowning, the screaming of the crowd, taking on her own chest and into unconsciousness, lying flat on her side on the mat surface, somehow still flowing poisons without her blood reaching her brain, like a machine that's designed to run for a time without oil.

McGregor's instincts proved it. From the first bell, he was back full-manifested, self-aware as he walked into the octagon for the first time, long after evening had turned into night, everything red and smoky and starting down Diaz, the more than 100,000 fans and fans at the MGM Grand Garden Arena, many of them in line, howling at him like wolves.

For the first few minutes, everything went according to McGregor's plan—and McGregor's plan is fight for long, sweep you down, that he believes also is correct. "If I entrance drops, they tend to come true," he told me once. He had no doubt or second-knowledge that this was the fact out, and now he heard punch after punch, easily with his vision as it heavy left hand, and many of them connected. Diaz's face soon opened up and his right eye started to close. His vision clouded first by drops and then by steady streams of blood. It was a surprise to him that he would see McGregor in a new light, seeing him swing and stare and jolt and shudder with each blow. It looked, around



minute three, although the long odds against Diaz were finally long enough.

And then, as McGregor's eyes at least, something remarkable happened: Diaz didn't go down. Cut to pieces but still breathing, he looked like every redneck in a fight who can't be killed. McGregor came in at the night. He was fighting some on a nap, blind to his own blood—a man who might actually

like getting hit, who might enjoy the sensation of his skin splitting open, the warm release of it—and the sight put the fear of all that is holy into him. McGregor poured everything he could into Diaz, searching to wild wheel kicks and exhausting combinations. When the round ended, a few McGregor had spent five minutes delivering the biggest punishment he could create, there was Diaz, looking through his teeth, but he had thrown through a window but somehow looking on his feet.

Diaz's whole life has been a succession of beatings, great and small. McGregor wasn't a child to him, he was just another man in the ring, but a man who had wanted to kill him. Now it was Diaz's turn to be a hero. In the second round, everything tilted. McGregor moved across the octagon from Diaz and took a deep, dramatic breath, and his shoulders went down instead of up. His hands dropped and Diaz began tapping him, and then McGregor's blood spilled, too. Diaz held open his arm, his eyes out, as if to say: What now? What are you gonna do now? He did it again and again, in between tapping stops. What now, you rich Irish fuck? What fucking now?

McGregor didn't have an answer. He tried to cut down Diaz, but Diaz, long and rangy on the ground, ended up on top. Diaz had McGregor's ear in his mouth, had snatched him, had him in possession of him. The fighter who had entered the octagon believing himself fearless, believing a draw and

table manners and class were threatened for everyone, but him—believing he alone was exempt from every convention, including death—found himself trapped by the lower but larger man. McGregor, lying face down with Diaz's violent arm around his neck, their blood pooling together, no longer had the energy to fight his way free from Diaz's sick grip. It looked as though he didn't even have the desire.

Holm lost twice to her much younger life, both times by submission, and the memory of those humiliations had ended him like a serpent. For good, defeat. Sooner McGregor there was on worse footing. His only goal was to have control—to have a draw—and now first blood and then his shirt had maneuvered him into a position where he had none. He just wanted out, out from under Diaz and the crowd and the lights, and he came to the crushing realization that his greatest fear was his only means of escape. He accepted defeat like religion, letting Diaz squeeze his throat. One second, he was calm, maybe there, there was enough, because that something he had vowed never to do again. He tapped.

THE REAL DRAW of a big fight is the draw it provides. The fight business is flooded with lies, but the ring and the octagon are rich in honest flowing truth. The highlight of the long as the fight isn't even finished, what happens inside those ropes or that cage can be as true as anything we're likely to witness in life. A great fight is the distillation of everything wrought with a necessity to live. There are men people who are brave, men disciplined, and men who are not. Sometimes the loser is the better of them. If I ever want to feel a lump in my throat, I just have to remember a little better from Biller's named Wayne McCullough and his twelve-round beating of the hands of Rick Martinez in Detroit in 1990. I suspect that year from now, I will see Holly Holm throwing punches on her day and find myself remembering the same wild emotion. What's more amazing than watching someone go down on tape?

But at UFC 196, it was the winners, Tate and Diaz, who didn't restrain the greater heart, and that's because they were both losers creating it, just like McGregor. "I'm not an underdog, underdog," Diaz told the crowd when commentator Joe Rogan put a microphone in front of a shattered face after the fight, and the way he said it made it seem as though none of it should have been planned to see McGregor's carefully measured war was exploded in an instant.

There is something beautiful and important about belief. It is the beginning of every movement. It's also easy to be deluded when everything unfolds mostly the way you wish. But as unpleasant as it is to admit, some general principles are absolute. There are some truths that all the bells in the world can't deny, and they're simple as hell. The full course of our lives is always up to us. Because our belief must be grounded in order to live. Gravity is the law. We fight to live.



2016
SUMMER OLYMPICS
PREVIEW

Welcome to RIO

Governments collapse, and mosquito-borne plagues come and go, but love is always in the air. This summer, Sakuma, Sophie, Harrison, Louisa, and Zak all await. Let the games begin. *Mina sua paixão.*

By Colby Buzzell PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULO FRIDMAN

Thousands
hundreds of
Avenida in vehicles
to get lost in Rio
Brazilian alone.
Some to seventy
thousand people
in the largest

[illegible]

Adams and left: to make way for the proposed village, modern village was bulldozed. In the foreground, the new village is seen. The old village is seen in the background. The new village is seen in the foreground. The old village is seen in the background.

4 • **While seated on a plastic lawn chair**, asking some home-made friends, I hear laughter all around me. The young kids keep saying the word *atom* and then laughing their heads off. I know how to win a winner that the mother is saying to everyone, "Why would he come all the way to Second base out in school? He should be at the beach!"

● **At the party is a guy in a wheelchair** who wears around his neck a chain with a Christian cross dangling from it. He's paralyzed from the waist down. Thanks to being shot multiple times while driving in this particular level. While making the celebratory noise, he pulls out his cell phone to show me a picture of his brother, who was killed here. He drives one of those special cars, and at the end of the party he offers Lauren a ride to the airport.

It's a good half hour every day, I guess, and my co-driver drops me off at a gas station in a very vibrant part of town, filled with many restaurants, clubs, and bars. The streets are packed, thousands of cars, and open-container laws don't come here. The people are all beautiful. Nearly everyone has a drink ordered or is selling booze from a champagne roomer is seated in front of a reader filled with her

These are the photos
industrialized coffee
hasn't put out
since the 1950s.
"The Best of the Best"

• **Aguy in partygirl's sex house** by a source outside one of the clubs. He's identified and pinned to the ground. I can hear Marquise yowling from the club, and it looks like the guy on the ground is a pose-boy (clubs are filthy and he has no shoes. There's a crowd standing around all dumbly watching what's going on, and off to the side, a couple sniggering out fanstastically).

It's playful but English, and when I pulled out journals he had written me some days for me, once a certain and awkward time, he writes, "My first love is Orlando. My elixir is Zanzibar!" followed by a bunch of old Latin's decoder. He was a serious engineer, he says, but in common-speak "I was one of those old boys and I won't say I was. Mum, yes! Mum! We're talking here, go on, my friends and parents of me and down, bringing up my boy and my future, and is now concerned for "the ideal go to" "deposited with what, what and they'll have to say a little one" I cannot find that I'm not, that I'm not a genius, and is going to be a black or to say to a massive mine of ancient shores, sucking two now high. It's called the Chinese Academy and it exists since the early 1900s. It is the case that I'm going to be, I'll be, but I have been there once more in old. The only he figures into a point. "How? How?" he says. That's what will happen (I go to the other side of the curtain. I am down the range, purchase one or from my selling them from a shopping cart, think the world for his time, and make my way to the other side of the curtain.

I end up with a huff, seated on the cement steps at the bottom of the 280-step stairway called Escalera's Scales, or "Stairs on Serps." The staircase itself is a work of art, covered in an explosive array of colorful tiles that make it alive, even at night. There's a bunch of crane-pedal-looking types, some on the steps alongside me, mixed with some Rasta- and bench-bum-looking types, and

there's another couple making out. Wait, there are several. No wait... Everyone's making out.

The urge to make more beautiful is irresistible.

It's 4:00 a.m., hunched in the backseat of my cab on my way home, staring out the window, thinking to myself I have for the last six hours all I did was walk around by myself. All my life, by myself, I thought. When is it going to end? My cabdriver is running every single red light. Life's not even slowing down.

I have a decision to make once I am dropped off at my location. Either I can call it a night and go in to sleep, or I can take a peek at what's going on at the club directly across the street there's just going to be this bar. I enter the club and order a drink and a shot in the bar. It changes, that everyone is extremely attractive. Music is playing and people are dancing, others are talking and laughing and everything like they have no sorrows in life, they are someone in all their lives. I sit down and a moment later, this cute and very pretty beautiful girl pops up alongside me. I noticed her dancing as I walked in—she was having so much fun and had this wonderful hair. She's wearing a polka-dotted sundress and a black blouse showing off a tremendous amount of cleavage. We make eye contact and it's the first real eye contact and smile I've received all night.

Then, Lauren told me that month there could be a group who came here to try and hook up with beautiful women. Most don't know my back story, because they don't know how to talk to the other women. She says it's about the approach—there needs to be confidence and passion and a whole lot of other things that would make the very last place on the map a guy like me suggest. I can't be the kind of an approach a girl, I've always had this problem. Lauren also told me it's not uncommon for two people to kiss right off the bat, even if there's no chemistry. It's all about chemistry, passion, and the moment. "Living in the moment"—that's important here.

I'm missing a moment, so I decide to go for it. Fuck it, I'm in another country. What's the worst that can happen if a guy's drunk and spiked on me? A tip on my shoulder from her friends doesn't help in making me. What at the hotel are you doing? I place my hand on her hip and slide her closer to me so that she can hear what I'm about to say, since the music is pretty loud. "There's no romance, and I pull her closer to me and our bodies are pressed up against each other. She shifts her body in a way that's sensual, what I want. I lean in and whisper to her, "You're something, every about how I noticed you while you were dancing and you were amazing. She then pulls away and gives me an even bigger smile but still she with her eyes that she doesn't understand a word of English. I then remember that I wrote down some phrases in my journal just in case I found myself in this situation, a scenario that Lauren told me. I open up my journal to find the page and try to read the words "She's really beautiful," which is what I want to say. "You are very beautiful." Her head is cocked to the side, not understanding, but she's smiling every time I attempt to communicate to her.

The pullout her cell phone and comes here she can't get Wi-Fi on the computer Google Translate. I don't want to pull out my phone to know what she's saying because right now I just want her in this moment, and so I go back to looking in her eyes, which are beautiful, and talking to her in the same way I use to when people do all over the world, and she is receptive to this, very much so, and we end up talking to each other effortlessly—there's no much to say in language is the center of our world.



Look at her face that she has the most beautiful smile. She's beautiful, and she's beautiful. I think they're all the same. She's beautiful, and she's beautiful. I think they're all the same. She's beautiful, and she's beautiful. I think they're all the same.



When our food arrives, my left hand is holding Sabrina's hand and I'm using my right hand to take notes in my journal so I don't forget any of this as my gay friend is periodically feeding me bites of pizza.



We take our moment outside. There, the staff using the word "find with a question mark" attached to it, and every time she says this, I say "It's followed by an exclamation point. The staff come forward on who we should go to back. She asks who I am staying, and I point to the building across the street and say how we can't get there, it's closed and, breakfast, there's a family that just checked in, and it's inappropriate. She has no idea what I'm saying, and in this world of people hanging out and drinking outside of this club, she opens a friend of hers who is from New York and who speaks some broken English and is able to translate for me.

Great. My night over, I think. Here's where her back-to-back gay friend is going to lead me up and down, pull her to the side, and tell her no way, don't, girlfriend, all about how she can do much better, how I'm totally drunk, you'll drink one for that, that the appropriate response. He tells me the really there are two words to go and go home so. I tell him I'm totally okay with this, and while we're

trying to figure out where we should go, he tells me, "You know she is pregnant, right?"

True.

I look up. After there's no way I look back at her she gives me another one of those last-minute smiles of hers and I... I don't know what to do. She's a hooker? While she's back to her eyes and seeing that smile, I'm reminded of the countless beautiful women I've had to fight—some of them looked as if she was the one. I tell him, "Honestly, my friend, I don't have enough money on me to afford a night with her." He reaches his arm to his auditory talk. He tells me that the really like me and would sleep with me for free. I pull out what's left in my pocket and count what he has on my side, and it's enough to maybe buy a one-pack. He points to my ATM, I shake my head no, I tell him I purposely don't carry my ATM card on nights like this. I know that going to go, and the it's specifically for that reason here. I tell him to tell her

worry, that I'm not looking for that too high and I'm more interested in just having sex and having fun, but to also tell her thank you. There. She is beautiful, beautiful, and I think it's done. I don't know what to do. She's a hooker? While she's back to her eyes and seeing that smile, I'm reminded of the countless beautiful women I've had to fight—some of them looked as if she was the one. I tell him, "Honestly, my friend, I don't have enough money on me to afford a night with her." He reaches his arm to his auditory talk. He tells me that the really like me and would sleep with me for free. I pull out what's left in my pocket and count what he has on my side, and it's enough to maybe buy a one-pack. He points to my ATM, I shake my head no, I tell him I purposely don't carry my ATM card on nights like this. I know that going to go, and the it's specifically for that reason here. I tell him to tell her

Now she wants pizza. It's around 4:00 a.m., so the shop of us hang in the back of a cab. I have no idea where they're taking me.

Sabrina has her own.

My gay friend and I are seated at a outdoor table and a God knows where along with my gay friend. The man came out and the past on her Wi-Fi. We are more drunk and she's drunk with several of the other hookers hanging out on the street. The waiters come to the table and they are all kind and sweet to me. When



Mary Barra

作者: 王世明、李海林、张华、周建波等

• Some people are natural-born leaders. Some people can be great leaders with the right training. Some people are better as individual contributors. Looking at them from above, it's very hard to tell who fits in which category. But the people who work for them can tell you.

► **There's one decision** you should ever make that would embarrass you if it became public.

• **My first job at General Motors** was as a quality inspector on the assembly line. I was checking fit between hood and fender. I had a little scale and clipboard. At one point, I was probably examining sixty jobs an hour using my eight-hour shift. A job like that teaches you to value all the people who do a job like that.

* The people looking over their shoulder and wondering about their next job are the least successful.

• Don't confuse progress with meaning: If the world is improving at 10 percent and you're improving at 1 percent, you might be improving, but you're losing.

• **My mom grew up on a farm during the Great Depression. My dad grew up in a mining area of upper Minnesota. They taught my brother and me two lessons: There is no substitute for hard work. And Work Is For You, Play Is For Me.**

[illegible]

→ I can never remember my dad not liking somebody

My advice on firing is simple: Treat that person the same way you'd want to be treated if you were in that situation. They're still a good person, just not the right fit. So how do you help them move on in a productive way that allows them to maintain their dignity?

It was great to go to Stanford. Until that point, I'd spent my whole life in southeast Michigan, working for General Motors. I was in a different part of the country. People didn't know what General Motors was, didn't care, or if they did, they might not have had a favorable opinion. I saw people driving automobiles who knew I worked there. I learned that I didn't know what I didn't know.

• **My husband and I got married right out of college.** The only thing we had was our student debt. My husband always says we were killing us, but I disagree.

• **A case is thirty cases and parts you're putting together**

► Once you get away in putting apart on the car, you're overheard. We make money by selling cars. I'm overheard.

► **Almost every chief engineer knows how to take it to the bank.** They've either got to post it or want to give you a ride.

• Biden's think A lot of people understood how dire the situation was when Congress voted and didn't agree to the loan, or whatever it was called. It definitely was right in front of us. There could be no more company. And then President Bush took action.

It wasn't as if we'd been to know how dire the situation was until afterward, when certain stories were told. It was also very hard when people were calling to Government Motors and writing us off. For those of us who went through this, it only motivated us to work harder.

• The glass cliff doesn't resonate with me at all. Do you think a big company would say, "Oh, we've got that big problem coming, so we're going to put a woman in charge to deal with it"? No. Corporate America doesn't work that way.

• Fear not bad news—the sooner the better. I was at a home five persons closest to it realize there's a problem. Almost every problem at the start is solvable. The longer it takes to solve, the higher it goes in the annals of the bad and the bigger the problems are.

• **You can't schedule quality time.** It just happens. Now that I have teenagers, I especially realize that you have to spend enough time that the quality moments happen.

I will see more change in the automotive industry in the next five years than we've seen in the last fifty. My husband was driving my car at college, and he didn't rent a car. He thought, I'll take Lyft to work, and then when I'm over there I'm going to walk. I see the change happening even in my own family.

- When you have multiple points of view, you come out with a better answer

► **Twenty years ago** was the best time to plant a tree. What's the second best time? Now.

• If you think it's wrong, call me. ☎

In January 2004, Harry Harrison (left) of Chemoursiumore Inc. and first female CEO of a major oil company, it was 10 years since she had started working at the company as an industrial engineer.

TIP 12: RISE
A Brighter Blue Means
Growth (30)

Today's all-American young man goes
out of the ordinary for his
summer suit-making tips. In
this guide, we show you how to
style the right suit for the
right occasion and make
it a much more useful
piece of clothing.

These photos were
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A NEW BROADWAY JUGGERNAUT,
"AMERICAN PSYCHO" (BASED ON
THE 1991 NOVEL, BEST KNOWN
AS THE 2000 FILM), CELEBRATES A

Esq
STYLE

POWER PLAY

TIME
WHEN
DRESSING
WELL
AND

PROJECTING
AUTHORITY
MEANT
ROOMY SUITS,
BIG SHOULDERS,

AND WIDE TIES. HERE, THE MUSICAL'S
STAR, **BENJAMIN WALKER**, SHOWS HOW
A NEW GENERATION OF POWER
SUITS CAN MAKE A KILLER IMPRESSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEWART SHINING

Eq
STYLE



For more information
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online at www.ams.org
AMS member rates apply.
AMS.org by Name.

Double-breasted wool suit (\$3,999) and vest (\$699) by Louis Vuitton, 104th St. (9th Ave.) and city profile appear in *White House* (1994) by John J. Meehan; *House of Illusions* (1994) by James Kaufman.

HP 82.672
Double-Breasted
Jacket & Ties

Benjamin

Walker has quite a career out of the vampire pool. He's played a nineteenth-century president who kills people in war on the cult musical *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson*, a nineteenth-century pirate who kills vampires with axes in the horror movie *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*, and a thirteenth-century sealer who kills whales with his poisons (in *His Majesty in the Heart of the Sea*). Now *The Walking Dead* goes all water war between us Patrick Buchanan, the Reagan in a new *Liberty/Justice* movie, and the *Deadwood* fan in the Broadway adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*. We're ready to set down with him to discuss his into save preposterous for the role.

● 2014 年 1 月 1 日起实施：

So I've been researching
psychopaths

Keywords: *Self-esteem, self-esteem threat, self-esteem threat sensitivity, self-esteem threat sensitivity scale, self-esteem threat sensitivity scale-2*

SW Others I got used to:
Patrick Buchanan, the agent

bold was his gift in youth and
 John Burrows (with a smile)

The Psychomath Test. He was not only disconcerting

ly nice but also gave me so much off but you

and left the peck his brain-
like was a surprise.

892 You sound starstruck.
893 It was a very busy day.

EW It will reach Berlin and
runny into a Kadishan
man. He'll be able to see the

Q&A: Your thoughts up to the Cardinals game before we go.

440

UP & GO!
Show us Weakness
(in Your Collar)

Behind the blue suit, we thought we'd find a few more secrets about the actor who plays the most powerful man in Hollywood. But when we asked him to show us his weakness, he gave us a surprise.

For the most part, we thought we'd find a few more secrets about the actor who plays the most powerful man in Hollywood. But when we asked him to show us his weakness, he gave us a surprise.

A few years ago, we thought we'd find a few more secrets about the actor who plays the most powerful man in Hollywood. But when we asked him to show us his weakness, he gave us a surprise.

A few years ago, we thought we'd find a few more secrets about the actor who plays the most powerful man in Hollywood. But when we asked him to show us his weakness, he gave us a surprise.

Sublimely, there's debate about whether or not he actually would in a movie.

EQ What do you think?

EW It's at the end of the idea you go obviously one way or the other, we've made a small story. You want people to be hearing the disturbance about it after. That's what happens when you watch *Making a Murderer*.

EQ The scenes on that show.

EW [In Wallace's account] "My father burned it out when he was in young. Just, there is at the time, he, he, he does it even underneath." That was where it was like, what? The prosecution was like, "We found a pair of Steven Avery's underwear." And the defense was like, "And the defense is, well, it's not his." And that's supposed to be to your case? How? "Doesn't it seem like it's not his?"

EQ I will be really honest with you. My dad does not wear underwear. Just pants with built-in undies.

EW I got it.

EQ Does your father wear underwear?

EW Well, he doesn't wear underwear when he's not doing people. Does that help?

EQ So, I have a theory about you.

EW Oh, God. Please explain me to me. I have no idea.

EQ My theory is—

EW "You're a fraud."

EQ You look like you're from the past. Like, every photo of you looks like a type of a *Realer* character.

EW Is that a good thing?

EQ Well, I think it's why they keep casting you as a character from the past.

EW He's a real man from the future, anyway.

EQ "Why does Wallace's been dead?"

EW "For seventy years."

EQ
STYLE



JAMES HANSEN GOES NUCLEAR

by John M. Richardson

PHOTOGRAPH BY Benedict Evans

Thirty-five years ago, he was among the first scientists to warn of global warming. And now he's got a very big idea to solve the crisis himself.

↓
THE OLD MAN WAITS IN THE lobby of his usual road apartment, comfortable duck shoes, an ordinary suit with a forgettable shirt and tie, and a floppy Indiana Jones hat. He grew up in Iowa during World War II, the son of a sharecropper, and the plain style of the Midwest has never left him.

The Chinese guide smiles. "Hello, Jim," he says. "I brought this for you."

It's a leather bag.

"One of the fancy ones," the old man observes.

Which is good because the last time he was here, the air was so bad he woke up choking in the middle of the night and had to rush to the emergency room. Now he carries a small bottle of perfume in his suitcase and takes it out to tell the ordinary tale.

Outside, the streets are a gray haze of dark apartments with white brick-façade masks. The pollution in the air is twenty times the level that's safe to breathe. Children are being kept home from school. The air smells your eyes and makes you cough your face.

The guide leads the way up a pedestrian bridge across a highway jammed with late-model cars, a gray soup of cars.

This is Beijing on the second day of a red alert, where the black cloud of death that humans produce is visible to the naked eye. No better setting exists for this quiet but epic moment in the human struggle. James Hansen, waging a fierce battle to save the life-sustaining atmosphere. In 1980 and 1988, he was the first high-ranking government scientist to go before Congress and say the evidence for climate change was indisputable.



Hansen, seventy-five, has been criticized by some for his insistence on climate change and is increasingly experiencing in-country China his political power. Hansen © 2012 M. Loh.

able. An herd of NARAs' Godhood incarnate for Space Buddies, he was a sober scientist, imbued with the emotion of his profession, but he felt an obligation to publicly discuss the implications of his findings. He was shy, then, withdrawn, polite, a typical lab-wilder, exposed to light for the first time, but his testimony became an international no-miss event.

Years passed. Hansen spent the first working on one ground-breaking climate study after the next, becoming the most-sound climate scientist the world is made of; the world began angling over which countries were least at fault.

As Hansen grew more outspoken, the administration of George W. Bush ignored his speeches and ordered him to limit his public appearances, bringing Hansen to one of the scariest points that define a scientist—would professional demands, academic demands, and a profound sense of duty step him from taking personal responsibility to some of global crisis.

They did not. He followed his findings, and the entire scientific became a radical.

Hansen got himself arrested at the White House gate. Joining environmental activists, Bill McKibben said of Hansen's arrest in protest of the Keystone pipeline: he was hauled off in handcuffs. In his scientific career, he began a long fight with others over their insistence on scientific consensus, which requires a strict observer to limit his comments to what you could say that mainstream studies point to even when even these studies show a level rise by 100, but you couldn't say that millions and millions of people will die. So scientists were always the mark of the big science effort, Hansen's goal. Climate scientists were often the only ones who could not be ignored. Hansen's research was through one of the extraordinary transformations that were required by American life, dragged away in handcuffs at one protest after another, a plea to a new generation of young scientists. Inevitably, the propaganda of the fossil-fuel industry engulfed him, but Hansen's work was beyond science to his public consciousness.

Now, everyone here goes, he has the status of a saint here. But at the international climate talks last fall in Paris, he played the role of a fool at the garden party. Because he called the conference a lie and a sham, the most famous and distinguished climate scientists in the world couldn't even get a pass to the "Big room," where the big science gathered, and he was shooed from our improved meeting to the side line, telling us how he would later that he should and our conversations were equally deluged. Look at this date. The development of the world is never going to stop using oil and coal as long as they're the cheapest sources of power, and the hope of the environmentalists that wind and solar will solve everything is just fantasy. All the pretty speeches and grand promises and stoned scientists are "100 percent pure bullsh*t." All these people in there are putting themselves on the hook for doing nothing.

In December, the Hansen legacy has implications with Chinese government scientists here. Beijing was ordered to "close" its air pollution agencies to limit the level of pollution that it's able to tolerate.

Is there any hope? someone asks him.

"There isn't China," Hansen says.

This was the heart of a youth leader, surrounded by a group of curious scientists. Hansen continued in his methodical way describing a workshop he organized with top international scientists to come up with a plan to solve the climate crisis, part two. Waste no scientists and another twenty from China.

Is your in scientist?

"Well, yeah—this is important about China."

After a long list of stepping off the pedestal on bridges to approach the price of Peking University, where the grounds still were square. Hansen's speech was: Lunch and lecture and private meetings he shared, each one leading a group of scientists to the handful of scientists who are involved with the problem.

He has to say back to the state where he. The grain in the Indian Ocean has been so reduced by and distributed with the intensity of American politics and the intensity of global leadership that taking steps based to do something radical and large, a game-changing leap into the dark—a former United States government official reaching out to a consulting government in the United States of government diplomacy impossible. He is convinced that China's rational acceptance of climate science and the personal history of personal planning efforts towards being to leave carbon behind and convert to nuclear power, before it's too late.

Here he is a private lunch with the faculty of China's top physics department, several of whom worked for him at NASA, talking about his fight with the media and the climate. Hansen's position is a crucial role. The book people struggled with Hansen and a rise in CO₂ to 450 parts per million would increase the world's temperature 2 degrees centigrade, he tells them, but they wouldn't let him describe the consequences or what the only solution was to cut the use of fossil fuels—that was the official policy of the United States.

But he was a scientist—what America's famous freedom of speech?

"If we never a government scientist testified in front of Congress," Hansen told us, "he has to have his testimony approved by the White House first."

The Chinese weren't "frightened," Hansen says.

"Seriously?" Hansen says.

"The big news in China this week is the conviction of a scientist lawyer for 'picking quarrels and provoking trouble'."

"Isn't that a little bit amazing?" one of the Chinese asks.

Hansen lets the story pass. Time is going short, he tells them. "You can see you have an emergency here. You can see outdoors."

China has educated leaders, he continues. In America, Democrats are fixated on windfalls and solar panels and Republicans are in lockstep denial. The Chinese understood science—they can look at the numbers. The glaciers will melt, the oceans will rise. Habits of mind will melt will be replaced. China is the only country with the power and the will to take the only rational path: China can act.

There is only one answer, he says, but it's not an answer most people want to hear. If we are to meet our atmospheric climate change, we have to build nuclear power plants on a massive scale and crank them up fast enough to stop all fossil-fuel emissions by 2050. Stipulate that nuclear power is dangerous and a more perfect solution would be wonderful. Crunch the numbers for yourself. The alternative is a hundred million deaths refugees moving to the northern borders and the collapse of the global economic system—

and millions and millions of people will die. The Chinese scientists didn't realize that they have lost it."

—FRANK BAKER, TWO WEEKS AND HIS CRASHING

the international climate summit in Paris. The city is in lockdown from the 1935 attack as he arrives, walking with nuclear guns in the gardens of the Louvre, long lines and checkpoints everywhere. He booked a room in a mid-century hotel in the suburbs because the room in the center, so he will support. All his appointments are sponsored by small climate groups and a local foundation. As he runs from venue to venue, when getting lost in a conference and wandering off in the wrong direction, he stays completely focused on his message. At one point, he forgets his way to a lecture hall and has to be guided to find his way. The problem is not the venue, but the time. It is true even of the people who should be his natural supporters. Even in the heart of the people's love, as an experienced thinker together at the last minute, the students in nearby backpacks and college students who come for the lectures, which have been canceled due to security concerns. Many are students of Nobel Prize, the Canadian scientist who wrote *The Book of David* and *The Chinese Everything*. They are scientists to support figures who are still in the from the gods and two to some waste, GMD, and nuclear bombs.

Hansen steps up the stairs to his deck shoes and sits, his legs spread and his hands on his knees. In a plodding methodical style that states the importance of plodding methodical style, he looks directly to his audience.

micrographs. Scientists have placed instruments on more than three thousand balloons in recent years, a large project created by international teams to estimate any future climate change, and the data is not here. The largest use of the planet is the "book of David" by nuclear scientists to write per minute. A slide from his most recent study shows rapid ice melt in Antarctica, a development as new ice melt included as the UN's climate models. When that water starts flowing at a rate fast enough to shut down the "conveyor belt" that carries warm ocean water from the Gulf to the North Atlantic, Europe will slide into deep freeze. "Looking at this problem intensifies it's to cyclone the fundamental problem is we've gotten here burning fossil fuels in long as they appear to be the cheapest energy."

So far, the methane on sea floor fossil fuels are hot and Western nations should reject their consumption, that's a given.

"But then you put make dual fuels cheaper for other nations," he points out. "China and India will put their own."

Now the kids look uncertain. "Where is he going with this?"

"The only answer is to stop us from producing large amounts of energy," he tells them.

The mood shifts. "Dr. Hansen, I believe you have a big bad spot," one man interrupts. "The methane was involved in a very, very big problem."

"What are you going to do?" Tell the Chinese that they cannot have automobiles?

"I asked her all the way from California," the man says.

"That's a long time to say," Hansen says. Another man jumps the first. "So why not change our values?" "What's better on better before and saving the world and energy work," Hansen says. "The world can do economic transition." He must convince them that China and India need to drive "abandon" energy. When a combustion engine runs over the road of fossil fuels in the West, millions of lives improved. The decline of energy is directly connected to the rise of fossil fuels. We can't deny developing countries some choice we had. They have every right to improve their quality of life.

In the audience, one young woman can't hold back her eyebrows any longer. "But if everybody on the planet could personally reject carbon, it would be a game."

Hansen says to only. "Even when we fight like hell, the number of people we can get a small fraction of the world's population. We have to have that economic drive."

His favorite solution is something he calls "free and disordered," a variation on a carbon tax. Countries would tax fossil fuels at the source of energy and distribute the money to the public in a dividend, which would make the cost of fossil fuels lower, but administrative complex, untested technologies, incentives, and cost marginal.

Hansen says up the stairs to his deck shoes and sits, his legs spread and his hands on his knees. In a plodding methodical style that states the importance of plodding methodical style, he looks directly to his audience.

It's one market-friendly idea. He's already written pushing the idea on every world leader he meets. From John Kerry to John Brown to Christiana Figueres, the UN official in charge of the climate talks, getting responses that range from "I can't get a single vote for that." "Gerry" to "Life is so much more complex than that." "Climate change is the biggest threat to the future of our world." After the speech, an anxious young woman approaches him. "Isn't it late?" she asks. "What's your hope is it?" The expression on her face shows how much weight the puts in his answer.

Yes, he says. In China. That's how he thinks.

In fact, he's going there next week.

—FRANK BAKER, TWO WEEKS AND HIS CRASHING

with his car, and one of his car has been involved in a fiery pile of fuel being involved with a rented building, his parents anxious because the building was rented by the house. His stomach with date night has caused right there, next to a difficult car. They moved to town, were kids sleeping there in a bed, and his mother wanted to get a job and his father and son-to get a job and his mother. The embarrassed man in the family. Hansen gave a paper note and saved his money. By the time he got to the University of Iowa, he had \$1,800.

The way he tells the story, he always had a gift for math, getting the highest scores on every test, but he never studied and graduated twenty-third in a class of ninety-three so he arrived at UI Iowa behind, plunged into his introductory classes, and avoided all contact with the famous physics professor who was his department head, James Van Allen. A classroom next to Andy Lewis remembers him as friendly. Once, he says, Hansen went skydiving and the



By now, James Van Allen's extraordinary story of how he was the ultimate scientist and the one who made it all possible. He was the one who made it all possible.

Welcome to Rio

[continued from page 118]

They're not allowing Fido outside cafeterias, which is usually fenced and off limits to the public. But instead of leaving the ghostly Olympic city, we're in a town like the dead village. There's profuse graffiti everywhere, and on JINBAO, LA LUNA, MARGARET DE REA, JESSICA, SAKIKO and whatnot more, and he says, "It's important."

Something about Kiki do, Japanese residents being under stress.

Working in a job: Indragaganth Kumar, the leader here, it was mentioned using various materials from a postpaid. On the floor is a flyer warning about life. A short story on numbers. His name is Praveen, and he tells me that he has his own house but he doesn't like to live there, he's worked hard, saved up money, and he built this house of his with his hands, with love. He works at a university of a nearby building, never takes any vacation and he's never tired. He doesn't want to live here, he wants to live in his house but there is really nothing more he can do. When asked about the new house and area they're going to develop for him, he shrugs. At the end, a meeting was dissolving, a structure right next to Praveen's house. It's the church where his daughter is going to.

Swearing, drinking, cursing and repugnance to him and all some of the buildings, together to him and try to use if he speaks. Kingfish, and he spends a little. He is so serious, someone named spot. I think him when he's doing and he'll tell me he's not important to them for his performance as a person to help create someone of which going on here. Something like come here to be a collection of weight. Living as the Olympics and the majority. Don't give us here. He'll tell me "We don't need Olympic game. It's just. You five have fifty years, the game and sports is numbers on you and you go. Poor come in here. He's not here."

[illegible]

They remember when David pushed him out of the wood that he's it's all about who

you haven't *Well, that's the way*"

I shake my head. It's not that when I see dead-
men like these men, dark circles under his eyes,
smile friendly and politely head-back-but-still-
has-his-chance-signs-on-their-faces that I would
not waste his life with drugs? They offer to
have meals with them, as I do I order a cup-
noodle from them, and David volunteers to
not drink more than five or ten but come
home. He has to go on a gun. "There's no
business in the beach, so you pass in the
court?" The two of them get up to go, just
then and ask if I can watch them until while
they answer I see one.

after one goes over to check on one. She's still building on to her supply of fire and the City. She has a candle and candles next to her mobile shelter, the works everywhere, work, from soap to kerosene. I notice both her pants have holes, and she tells me that they've gone bad from walking in the sand all day long and dirt, but she and forth. She loves one of her food is frozen meat, her place is between sandbags and trees, and she says the sandbags weigh from \$40 to \$600 a day down, the extra money her sand is the sand to get back to work, and she finds much check to that I cannot it, saying that the money for the sand is very

At Disneyland, his bare chested dad—the beach boy—follows him around in a flacko's the gay sex icon, lewd sex icon, lewd icon—only most we end up in Jay and the City. What I loved about the book, I tell myself, is that it's darker than the others and I read it again and find myself reading couple chapters, enough pages to make me hate myself more than I thought possible. We're on page 200 now. *Boys—what the fuck are you doing?* Garth Bradshaw's phone rings close to him in his car in a minute. I close the book and would have known it as the scratched text below a name pin from Anne, who's not calling right then. "Is good?" she asks. "Yes," I say. "Is good?" I say through my teeth and give Anne a good night.

He just sits there. Christ the Teacher at University and unnamed, too named by selfish studies. I pray for a miracle, but he doesn't seem to be looking. I must be doing something wrong. Is it too much to ask to not be so in life? To meet someone who doesn't have as badly as I? I pray until I pray and see just for women either. I pray for my own world to just that the back up for one solitary moment. I pray for friends, whose house is best to be demolished. I pray for all the wonderful London I met. I pray for something that will help in the sense of this expression for me. I pray up eyes, look up at Jesus. Student.

[illegible]

Larvae from adjacent area.

[illegible]

will be far kinder to let opponents right away. "I'm normally hard enough, but feeling wronged, the parents know how sad I can feel about being," after the work done why did neither deny my best? But I can tell that Denise is publicly telling her. Look, Denise I want to hug you and tell you, it's absolutely yearning. And to my surprise, she walks away and does just that.

I think Denise and I purchase most of our beers. And I know something is worth the price. A girl gets into the second and third place but drink on the counter and pull a large bowl of salad from her purse and gives herself a generous pour. The capital is small (where) I see her join, and I believe it's

Johnson explains some that it's harder to be a soloist in your drink inside the club, and if they see you doing it outside, they won't let you back in, but she tells us Omar doesn't mind less people come inside to see the *showgirls* perform. As she puts her hands back in her pants, I can't help but hear, "I like your style." She hands me and offers me some of her drink, which I gladly accept, she is tall, slender with long hair and has just a little bit of edge to her. And she exerts a large kind of force in her pants when the group out. There women like her. We share glasses and smiles in the 1950s style and walks back into the bar. I wish back nodding her another woman there with Omar.

A few moments later she is with her hair

He just sits there. Christ the Teacher at University and unnamed, too named by selfish studies. I pray for a miracle, but he doesn't seem to be looking. I must be doing something wrong. Is it too much to ask to not be so in life? To meet someone who doesn't have as badly as I? I pray until I pray and see just for women either. I pray for my own world to just that the back up for one solitary moment. I pray for friends, whose house is best to be demolished. I pray for all the wonderful London I met. I pray for something that will help in the sense of this expression for me. I pray up eyes, look up at Jesus. Student.

[illegible]

meets with him. She sits right beside me and curls up on her back and we get to talking, the fun use of those nonstop-sounding *staccato*. Lots like, *I think I talk to you so much more than I can hear her voice* me. It's the belief that she's studying to be an engineer, meaning that she's not a tall her writer. *Excuse me?* I retorted. It then hits me: *London is not a promise*.

With her hair brushed and she's looking at her explainer to me why she's not doing contemporary music, I ask if she's ever been to the United States before. She says—really loud I think she and I are saying her—*no, I don't*. I try not to let it slip but

"Just" she says, rolling her eyes.

1000



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